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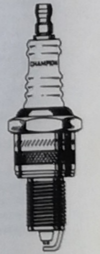

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Marlboro British FORMULA 3 CHAMPIONSHIP

"I can tell you this. It's sometimes difficult to keep a sense of perspective about these things. You've been there a dozen times before, and in your more rational moments, you know in your guts that there ain't no such animal as the unbeatable racing driver. But when the guy goes out week after week, race after race, and just keeps on cleaning up — well, you begin to wonder. I still feel that there are enough other good drivers in this championship — and my boy's certainly one of them — to give him a real run for his money at some stage in the series, but we'd better find the formula soon or he's just going to be out of sight."

by Noël Scholey

That's the frustrated and agonised view of a mature and experienced Formula 3 team manager. A man who has tasted no small success himself in this rough and tumble junior championship.

He was talking, you will have guessed, about Ayrton Senna da Silva, just minutes after the 23 year old Brazilian had turned in another totally dominant performance at Silverstone on April 24th to take his sixth successive victory in this year's Marlboro British Formula 3 series.

It's a view which is manifestly shared by the management of all the other top teams in the championship, and it begs the question of what can be done by them — individually or as a group — to check the relentless progress of Senna towards a clean sweep.

In situations like this, there is always the temptation to cast a glance back over previous seasons to look for similar patterns of dominance. The shooting star Formula 3 careers of Jonathan Palmer and Tommy Byrne spring immediately to mind, and there is a valid case for comparing their results statistically with Senna's.

But the comparison has to stop when you try to analyse the relative nature of their successes. Each one is so different from the others in style and temperament — and of course, each was racing against a different group of contestants — that it's impossible to arrive at a really objective conclusion.

So, for the moment, the verdict on Senna must necessarily remain an open issue. In any case, it gets in the way of a balanced view of just how well the rest of this year's crop of Grand Prix aspirants are progressing in the Marlboro series.

While Senna has been collecting all the victor's laurels, Martin Brundle has been dogging his wheeltracks and, until the sixth round at Silverstone where he made a rare and uncharacteristic error, filling the runner-up slot. It's not unfair to say that Brundle is now absolutely obsessive about beating Senna. (He's even taken to the extreme and futile practise of consulting racing journalists on the matter!) Of all the regular front runners in the championship, Brundle is the man most likely to stick it to Senna. Now that he has the added financial and moral backing that comes with the Racing For Britain award, it will be interesting to see just how tough he is prepared to get in his bid for the top honours.

Davy Jones has shown on several occasions that he has the raw ability to run at least as fast as anyone in the championship, but his tendency to write off cars in testing and rush his fences in racing situations has unquestionably cost him a lot of points. His inspired pursuit of Senna at Silverstone two weeks ago demonstrated a new-found maturity which, if he keeps it up, will rapidly bring him closer to Brundle and Senna at the head of the championship table.

If there is a dark horse in the F3 corral, many people would point to Calvin Fish as the driver who is most likely to make a mid-to-late season charge. He promoted himself into fourth place in the series by finishing fourth at Silverstone, and with Dave Price's BP sponsored team at his exclusive disposal, he's been a consistent points scorer to date.

Like Fish, David Leslie has a wealth of success and experience in Formula Ford 2000 to call upon, but he is finding that a limited budget and the problems of running a "rogue" car — the one-off Magnum — in the championship, just keep him from getting to grips with the front runners. Leslie has proven and undoubted talent, but without the cash, seems doomed to play the bridesmaid role.

Mario Hytten has been another consistent points scorer, usually getting stuck into the mid-field action with a deal of gusto and panache which, on one occasion, earned him a warning from the stewards for questionable tactics. However, the muscle flexing world of Formula 3 never was noted for any exaggerated climate of "After you, Claude", and Mario will doubtless find himself on the receiving end of a nudge or two before the season is over.

For sheer guts and application, it would be difficult to find anyone more determined than ex-patriate Scot, Johnny Dumfries. Having been exposed to the world of Grand Prix racing as a "Gofer" with the Williams team, Dumfries knows what is takes to succeed, and he's giving his all to his racing. Tremendous value for money for the spectators, he could use a bit more of it himself to boost a shoe-string budget.

Our own Allen Berg is still finding his way in Formula 3, and had his first outing for the Eddie Jordan Racing team at Silverstone. On this occasion, he finished just outside the points in seventh place, but an intensive testing programme has been planned to give Allen more time and miles to get dialled in to the very different F3 technique that is required compared to Formula Atlantic in which he enjoyed so much success.

Tim Lee Davey, Richard Trott and Tony Trevor have all climbed on to the championship points table with performances that belie their shared lack of funds. As we observed in our last report on the series, there is an inescapable relationship between budget and performance, and who knows just how much better they — and indeed several others — might do, given the practical and psychological boost of an injection of funds.

For the time being, however, serene Senna continues to play fox to the chasing hounds. Will he ever be run to earth?

Watch this space. ☐

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Marlboro British F3 Championship - 1983 Points after 6 (of 20) rounds.

Ayrton Senna da Silva	58
Martin Brundle	36
Davy Jones	18
Calvin Fish	14
Mario Hytten	12
David Leslie	7
Johnny Dumfries	5
Allen Berg	2
Tim Lee Davey	2
Richard Trott	2
Tony Trevor	1

Black Power

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John Player Special King Size

Grand·Prix INTERNATIONAL

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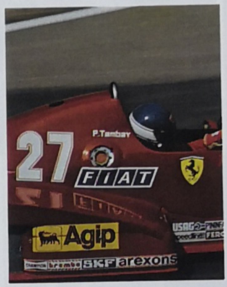
HOMAGE TO GILLES



Tambay's victory made him a living god in the eyes of the Italian public. But the victory itself wasn't easy to come by: it involded a duel with Patrese, but Tambay, true to form, remained the perfect gentleman throughout. Gilles would have approved.

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PRACTICE

Rene Arnoux dominated practice on Friday and set the pace on Saturday. The Italian fans couldn't believe their eyes; even Ferrari were taken by surprise, although they had made it all possible.

N° 63 (MONACO) WILL BE ON SALE ON MAY 18 1983

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THE RACE

The crowds were huge and the fans got their money's worth. The superpowerful turbos gave them a breathtaking and uninterrupted spectacle — refuelling went off without a hitch. It was a beautiful day for F1 and for the Scuderia in particular.

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RACE STATISTICS AND LAP CHART

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HO HARD FEELINGS

He's not the most popular of F1 drivers over the years, victory has often passed him by; it's not a pleasant situation for anyone to find themselves in, but we found Patrese ready to talk about it openly.

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HIDEAWAY

The general feeling is that the yellow peril is getting ready to pounce on F1 at any moment. To find out more, we spoke to John Wickham, the man behind Spirit-Honda's latest venture.

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POSTCARD FROM IMOLA

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THE GRAND PRIX IN PICTURES

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EXTRA EXTRA

Ferrari's pole position marked the start of a love affair between Rene Arnoux and the Italian fans. The atmosphere during practice was highlycharged, as a crowd of 65,000 gathered around the circuit.

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THE SOUTH AMERICAN CONNECTION

There are five of them who want to follow in Nelson Piquet's footsteps: Roberto Guerrero, Johnny Cecotto, Raul Boesel, Chico Serra and Eliseo Salazar. But that's not as easy as it may sound. We brought the five together and asked them to tell us about the problems involved.

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COCKPITS

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Contributors: Bob Constanduros, Franco Lini, Giorgio Piola. Correspondents: Maurice Hamilton, Jeff Hutchinson, Mario Luini, Heinz Prüller. Columnist: Keke Rosberg. Editorial assistants
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The paddock in Imola

ADDING THAT FINAL TOUCH

On Sunday morning, during the warm-up, Andrea de Cesaris just wanted to refine the tuning on his Alfa with full tanks. He managed, in the process, to inflict some serious damage on the car. With Ducarouge gone, who will Pavanello blame this time for what followed? The car left the track in spectacular fashion, leaving Andrea with no option but to fall back on the spare.

A NEW WAR AT MONACO?

Things may start popping in Monaco. As you all know, the Principality feels it cannot allow refuelling along its precious waterfront; it also has imposed a 50-litre limit per car, the fuel to be kept in the garages. But refuelling has become the latest vogue in F1. And if it were impossible at Monte Carlo, then what? Give in, just because the pit-lane couldn't take it?

Not according to one team. They are preparing to contest the decision: not with the principality, but with the Monaco Automobile Club. The grounds being that refuelling is within the rules and these cannot be tampered with. Thus, if refuelling is not permitted at Monaco, there will be protests.

"We will take part in the race," says the engineer concerned, *"but it will not be a valid race for the world championship."* Any guesses by now who that might be? Could it be the man who started the whole business?

Well, Monaco is not easily impressed: and least of all by FOCA. And the background to this improbable war is Bernard Ecclestone's longstanding attempt to wrest the television rights for the Monaco Grand Prix from the local organizers.

Perhaps the whole debate is being raised as a means of reinforcing the FOCA position on television rights?

CUTTING CORNERS

During the final qualifying session at Imola, a very concerned Nelson Piquet and Bernard Ecclestone went to see the Clerk of the Course. Their worry was that some drivers were cutting the left-and-right Agraria corner, thus dumping grit and stones on the circuit and making things slippery for drivers who were obediently sticking to the circuit as mapped out. The organizers' solution was to mark the circuit out more distinctly with stacks of tyres. This, however, worried certain other drivers: for anyone who hit those tyres would scatter them all over the track...

FEW ALTERATIONS AT SPA

The Formula One teams visited a very dusty Spa the weekend after the French Grand Prix for testing prior to the Belgian Grand Prix which is due to be held there. Most teams and drivers were happy with the new circuit. Niki Lauda, who last raced there *"a hundred ago!"* in a BMW CSL, said that it was a *"good, fast circuit. We are really only worried about one section."* According to FISA safety inspector Derek Ongaro, this concerns the descent to Eau Rouge where there is an area following the old pits which allows for a wide swing into the corner, but where a driver finds himself facing armco barrier square on. So a barrier is likely to be positioned following the line of the corner. Otherwise no alterations are necessary.

Andrea de Cesaris was fastest during the testing, all of which was held in the dry. Most drivers present agreed that Spa is a circuit to favour the turbos.

BARE BOTTOMS

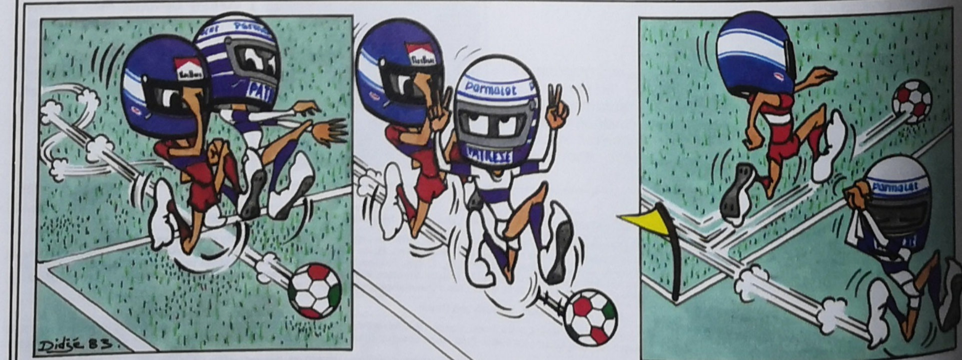
As is well known, Ferrari rules at Imola: home ground. Thus, when Nelson Piquet showed up early for Saturday morning practice, the well-filled stands did their usual whistling job. They whistle at anyone who is not Ferrari, or at least Italian, as a matter of principle. Nelson took it in good part, but the Brabham team was slightly miffed. Since good humour is the order of the day chez Brabham and since the front of the garages is a metal screen that rises slowly like a theatre curtain, they staged a riposte. The curtain rose on a group of Brabham mechanics doing the bare-bottom act. That brought applause.

And while we are on wags: the McLaren team went one better in innuendo by posting on their wall a sign saying MC LAREN DOES IT FROM BEHIND. Someone should have told Lotus that life in F1 is all in good fun, and not hung poor Peter Warr up there in effigy. Not in his own garage.

FIRED... AGAIN

It was a case of déjà vu for Gerard Ducarouge. In 1981, during the period between the British and German Grands Prix, it was Guy Ligier who had shown him the door. This time round, the French engineer, considered by some to be among the very best in F1, was ousted from Euroracing Alfa Romeo the day after the French Grand Prix. In the last issue of GP1, you read in "Extra Extra" about the Italian team's hectic but nonetheless promising weekend at Paul Ricard. The main event of the weekend for them, was the disqualification on Friday of Andrea de Cesaris, because his fire extinguishers were empty. This incident, headlined by a certain element within the Italian press, was the pretext given for Ducarouge's dismissal. But the real reasons for the move appear to have been more profound. It seems that some people at Alfa Romeo never came to terms with the fact that Ducarouge took the helm almost immediately after he was appointed. His star status completely overshadowed many of his colleagues, and even his bosses. In the pits at Imola, he had to cope with endless crowds of autograph-hunters. There was some talk of his returning to Ligier, but now it looks as though he might end up with Lotus.

For the moment, Gerard will only say that he and Pavanello quarrelled because the Italian manager was bitterly opposed to Gerard's plan to install a fast refuelling system on the cars, for refuelling during the race. We hope to bring you the full story when things have calmed down a bit...



ATS-DOUBLE AT HOCKENHEIM?

The likelihood of there being two ATS's with BMW turbo engines at Hockenheim increases. Top candidate for the second seat is Maurer Formula Two driver Stefan Bellof. He may have been a bit unlucky, but in F2 Bellof has been extraordinarily quick.

For the first time ATS had two monocoques at Imola. According to designer Gustav Brunner, the second car was *"at least twenty kilos lighter than our first Seger-and-Hoffman built chassis."* But yet another chassis is under construction in Switzerland and that one will be a further five kilos lighter, while another design is being studied for the German GP. The team has eight BMW-turbo engines in all. Simple mathematics says ATS should have enough engines and chassis to run two cars at Hockenheim: a race which is not only prestigious, but all important to them and their financial future.

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SETTING THE RECORD STRAIGHT

You'll recall that during the French Grand Prix, Chico Serra left the track in spectacular fashion during Saturday practice. At the time, there was talk of a possible faulty suspension, which is why Alan Rees decided to set the record straight:

"After this incident we took a very very close look at the car and discovered that there was no fault in either the chassis or the suspension. That's why we are racing both our cars on Sunday. We've not had to make any modifications at all." Thanks, Alan, for letting us know.

BOUTSEN

It had been announced, a little prematurely perhaps, that he would be Surer's teammate at Arrows; the news came the week before San Marino, but when we met Boutsen at Imola, he admitted that whoever was behind this information had jumped the gun a bit. The young Belgian, who once dreamt of driving for RAM, has now transferred all his hopes to Jackie Oliver, whose Arrows A6 are looking pretty competitive. But Boutsen is still short of some of the money he needs to make his F1 debut at the Belgian Grand Prix. So far, Boutsen has managed to find almost £200,000 from his Belgian sponsors but it appears that Jackie Oliver is holding out for another £130,000 on top of that.

WILLIAMS ON THE MOVE

The Williams team is soon to leave its home on the Station Road Trading Estate at Didcot, England, for new purpose-built premises on the outskirts of the town. It was in 1977 that the team was reborn in one unit of the Station Road estate, but since then, they have taken over another three units.

Now a six acre site has been bought where the new factory will be built, and it should be ready by the end of the year. With six acres to play with, one wondered if a small test circuit might be built around the perimeter, but it seems that much to the disappointment of the frustrated ex-racers on the Williams staff, there are no such plans.

Incidentally, that keen athlete, Frank Williams, will soon be getting some first hand advice from world record holder Sebastian Coe. The English runner will be visiting the Didcot factory after the Belgian Grand Prix, a tie-up that comes about due to Williams, Keke Rosberg and Coe all being members of the ICI Record Fibres World Championship team, a collection of top sportsmen throughout the world who use and promote ICI Record fibres in sportwear.

This has nothing to do with Robert Maxwell's plans to combine Reading and Oxford United football teams at Didcot. That's more Robin herd's interest.

SELECTIVE PASSION

Last Sunday at Imola on the Dino Ferrari circuit, only two of the twenty-six cars out on the track were really visible: the two red arrows built in nearly Maranello, built with love and driven by two French drivers. For the throng of 150,000 jammed on the hillsides around the snaky circuit, the technical glory of their national Scuderia comes before the prestige of mere mortals, though in the end their excessive passion usually results in the deification of those who drive their cars.

It is a commonplace that if a monkey could put a Ferrari on pole for a grand prix, all of Italy would worship him. It doesn't speak well for the Scuderia's drivers, but it's true. For René Arnoux who won a spectacular pole position and for Patrick Tambay who won the race in a fading finale, the legend of the rampant horse winning out in adversity at home is a simple truth: the songs of joy, the waving banners, the excesses of a crowd drunk with joy and the attacks of the paperazzi are living proof of that legend.

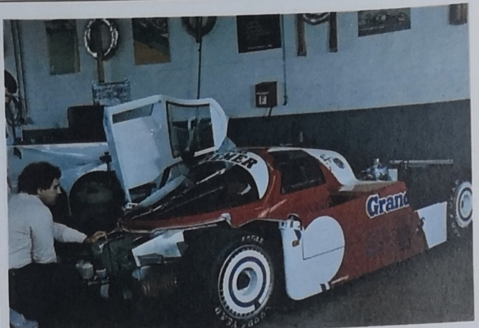
But that delirium contains an irrationality which surprises us, which consists in supporting with such chauvinism a Ferrari while greeting with indifference, and sometimes with jeers, other Italian machines and other Italian men. Riccardo Patrese can fight gallantly for pole position and lead the race: the flags stand at half mast. Let Andrea de Cesaris attack with his Alfa Romeo like some soul caught in hell: the faces of the fans stay gloomy. If Michele Alboreto extracts the very last millisecond from his Tyrrell in an attempt to head the atmospherics, he is greeted with scorn. How can one be so proud of "one's" Ferraris and so distant towards the other stars which shine in the same firmament?

There you have the prejudice and partiality of the tifosi. It remains a mystery, and so illogical that no explanation has ever really been offered for it.

It is true that a real passion is lived, is expressed with every last pore in the body. It goes against logic. But if one were to quantify and qualify it, would one not take away some of the magic that sustains our sport in Italy? Compared to the apathy and the deadened, dull expressions we saw at Paul Ricard, we can but be happy that on that memorable Sunday we had to put up with all the inconveniences caused by an improvised get-together of 150,000 people in one place. At Imola, Formula One showed that its days are far from over: it was a snook cocked at the spreaders of doom and gloom. To all the tifosi, then, our thanks. From the whole of Formula One.

GPI

The paddock in Imola

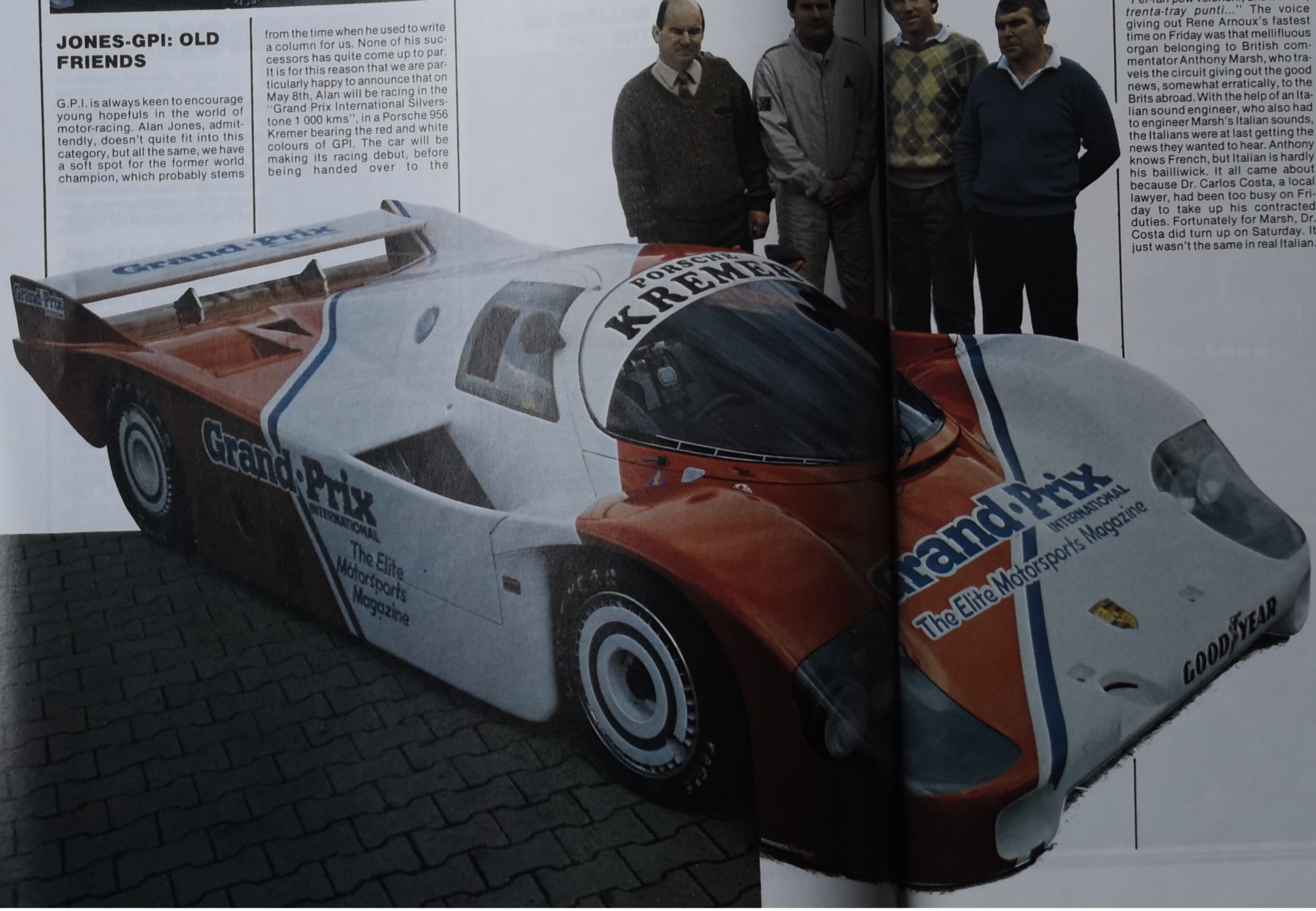


JONES-GPI: OLD FRIENDS

G.P.I. is always keen to encourage young hopefuls in the world of motor-racing. Alan Jones, admittendly, doesn't quite fit into this category, but all the same, we have a soft spot for the former world champion, which probably stems from the time when he used to write a column for us. None of his successors has quite come up to par. It is for this reason that we are particularly happy to announce that on May 8th, Alan will be racing in the "Grand Prix International Silverstone 1 000 kms", in a Porsche 956 Kremer bearing the red and white colours of GPI. The car will be making its racing debut, before being handed over to the Andrettis—father and son—for the Le Mans 24 hour race. The presence of Alan Jones at Silverstone (his teammate will be his fellow-countryman Vern Schuppan) will will add that little extra touch of spice to the proceedings. Thirty Group C cars are expected to take part. Works Porsches and Lancia-Ferraris are hoping to make up for their failure at Monza. We'll cover the event in our forthcoming Group C issue which will also carry another of Alan's inimitable columns.

SHORT STORY

After a promising Race of Champions, followed by his failure to quality for the French Grand Prix because of inadequate maximum speed, Jean-Louis Schlesser is off the track again. After completing a session of private practice at Silverstone with Salazar, the week before Imola, the French driver learned that he would not be driving at San Marino. The official reason given by the team: a shortage of funds. They said Schlesser was not in a position to come up with the money needed to allow him to continue. Schlesser had a different version: He said that since the RAM seemed unlikely to be able to qualify at San Marino, it would have been unfair towards his personal sponsor, Secoil, to go on. "In this line of work", said Jean-Louis, "you've got to show that you're honest. I felt I couldn't take his money because the car had no real chance of getting onto the grid."



FOREIGN COMMENTS

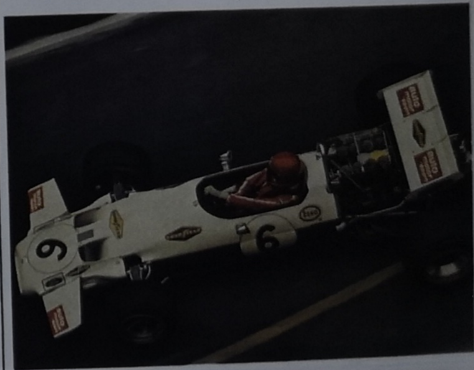
"*Fer-rari pew velohchi, une minuta, trenta-tray punti...*" The voice giving out Rene Arnoux's fastest time on Friday was that mellifluous organ belonging to British commentator Anthony Marsh, who travels the circuit giving out the good news, somewhat erratically, to the Brits abroad. With the help of an Italian sound engineer, who also had to engineer Marsh's Italian sounds, the Italians were at last getting the news they wanted to hear. Anthony knows French, but Italian is hardly his bailliwick. It all came about because Dr. Carlos Costa, a local lawyer, had been too busy on Friday to take up his contracted duties. Fortunately for Marsh, Dr. Costa did turn up on Saturday. It just wasn't the same in real Italian.

ROLF STOMMELEN

He died far away from his native Germany, under the blue skies of California. At Riverside, during the fifth race of the IMSA championship, the rear wing of his Porsche collapsed; the car touched a barrier, bounced back. rolled over several times and burst into flames. The drama recalled an incident during the Spanish Grand Prix at Montjuich in 1975. when Rolf Stommelen was thrown into the air after the wing of his Loia-Cosworth flew off.

After making his debut in F2, he gained experience in endurance racing and went on to become an excellent Grand Prix driver. In 1970. Jack Brabham took him on as his teammate; in the seasons that followed, he went on to drive a Surtees, Eifelland (a modified March). Lola, and Alfa Romeo. He was often described as aggressive, even reckless and lacking in humour. In fact he was a driver with lightning fast reflexes, courageous and kind. At GPI we remember Rolf Stommelen as one of those really talented drivers who never quite managed to seize their chance in Grand Prix racing. Our second Group C issue this year, which will be published on June 8th. will pay tribute to his talent.

Rolf-Stommelen's first season in F1: 1970 with the Brabham BT 30, seen here at the Monaco Grand Prix.



GOODYEAR
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27
MAGNETI MARELLI
olivetti

FOR NUMBER 27

Villeneuve was the first word on his lips. he lives with a ghost and you have to believe him, after what was said last year when he stepped into that Number 27. But Tambay remains what he has always been: a gentleman. A man, and gentle.

by Keith Botsford

As he said, he enjoyed it all. Maybe he was a little scared when the Ferrari-freaks of Imola threatened to pick flesh from bone at the end of the race, but that was nothing really. What would one not suffer to win at Imola? Before the home crowd? And in the sacred Number 27! "*There was certainly someone with me today,*" said Patrick in the febrile Ferrari motor-home — a canopy billowing with the curious aiming cameras through unexpected apertures — "*There was someone with me, and a good deal of luck.*"

The 'someone', one thought, must be God. But no. Not even the gods. But Gilles Villeneuve. "*I lined up third on the grid and there I saw the Canadian flag in front of me. I don't suppose anyone, least of all myself, is likely to forget the polemics last year when I first sat in Number 27! I don't want to go back over that ground, but I can say I am happy to have won the race for him.*"

Well, you all know what it is like when someone wins a race: the gala, the girls, the champagne. The girls were sporting big Giacobazzi umbrellas which were obstructing the photographers, who hissed and screamed; the girls were doing what they were paid to do: get the sponsor's message on camera. And Patrick had done his job. Which Ferrari engineer Forghieri summed up more than adequately when he said: "*I didn't see him make any mistakes; did you? He didn't get excited*

→

when he was ahead; he didn't get discouraged when he was behind. He is a signore.'' A gent.

But more than that, there was something glazed about Patrick after the race. The joy was there, but contained. He sprayed champagne with the best of them, hugged his team-mate Arnoux, shook Prost's hand guilelessly, but it was something like seeing a Hare Krishna on a binge: the man had one eye on another world. Well, it's understandable. Ferrari is another world, peopled — at least in Italian eyes — with gods. Enough to put anyone off.

So the ghost of Gilles hangs over Patrick. But races aren't won by ghost-watchers, and Patrick's race was a little masterpiece of its kind. He himself wouldn't claim it was any extraordinary achievement, or due entirely to his own skills.

''René and I both made a good start. We were both out on the same B-compounds. He went very well in the early stages; I was only trying to find the right rhythm so that I didn't break up the tyres. Meanwhile, we could both see that Patrese was going exceptionally well. In fact, he had a superb race apart from the one mistake that cost him the prize. At our refuelling, I was in quick and I soon was making up ground on him; so I have to reckon that his tyres were in less good condition than mine. Frankly, Goodyear and Michelin were just about equal on the day.

''Then after my pit stop, when I went out again, at the limit, as I was practically throughout the race, I felt a little faltering in my engine. I can't explain what it was, but it would cut out on me and I would lose a second a time whenever that happened. It's probably a fuel problem and we'll work it out. At the time, though it worried me, at least the rest of it was working alright. The more rubber got laid down on the track, the better my car was holding the road.

''But I could see Patrese coming up on me and there was absolutely nothing I could do about it. I was just behind him at the critical point, I could see he was going a little wide and I'd noticed before that it was not the best of places and you had to take a much a narrower line. I did so, Patrese went a little wide and that was that. He understeered coming into the corner and he wasn't the first to suffer at that place.''

It is just like Tambay in fact to give Riccardo the credit due. And to acknowledge that if Patrese hadn't made his mistake, he himself had no chance of winning. ''*No, when he passed me, I was going as fast as I could, on the corners and on the straights; he simply had the better car and I could do nothing about him. My plan was to let him by, check up on how safe my second place was, and then wish him well.''*

On his chances before the race, Patrick was of two minds: at one point he said ''*The result wasn't too unexpected, because after all you enter a race to win it.''* At another, he said, ''*No, I didn't really expect to win, I thought the Ferraris were the dark horses, I thought the race belonged to Renault or to Brabham and we were the outsiders.''*

Perhaps the secret lies in caution. ''*In fact, I did go off the track for a moment during the first part of the race, but it only cost me a second or so. But I considered myself warned, and after that, I was super-careful.''*

So where does that leave our gentleman-driver? It leaves him in characteristic form: ''*Sure it's nice to win in Italy. It's good, But that's done now, it's all over. I want to forget about it and get on to the next race and maybe we can have a winning streak. I don't know how it's going to go in Monaco, but...''*

Forghieri at least knew something about Monaco: He said: ''*We have two* signori *as drivers, and* signori *know something about winning at Monaco.''* ''Signori'' are gentlemen and aristocrats, masters of what they survey. Patrick, as usual, was more circumspect: ''*We didn't think we'd be okay in Long Beach, but it was a good performance; it might be like that at Monaco. You can't tell, it's such an unpredictable business. One weekend you're good, the next you're awful. It's so easy to make the wrong decisions. You have to keep cool and work hard.''*

One thing is certain about Patrick: this second win of his longish and troubled career should allay that ghost that talks to him. Gilles wouldn't want him to think of himself merely as a successor, but as a man in his own right. Another certainty is that coolness, steadiness, thought, caution and a large and underestimated skill are all part of the man. The past will not be forgotten, but it is to the future that Patrick now looks. Rightly. He has earned his place in the sun. ☐

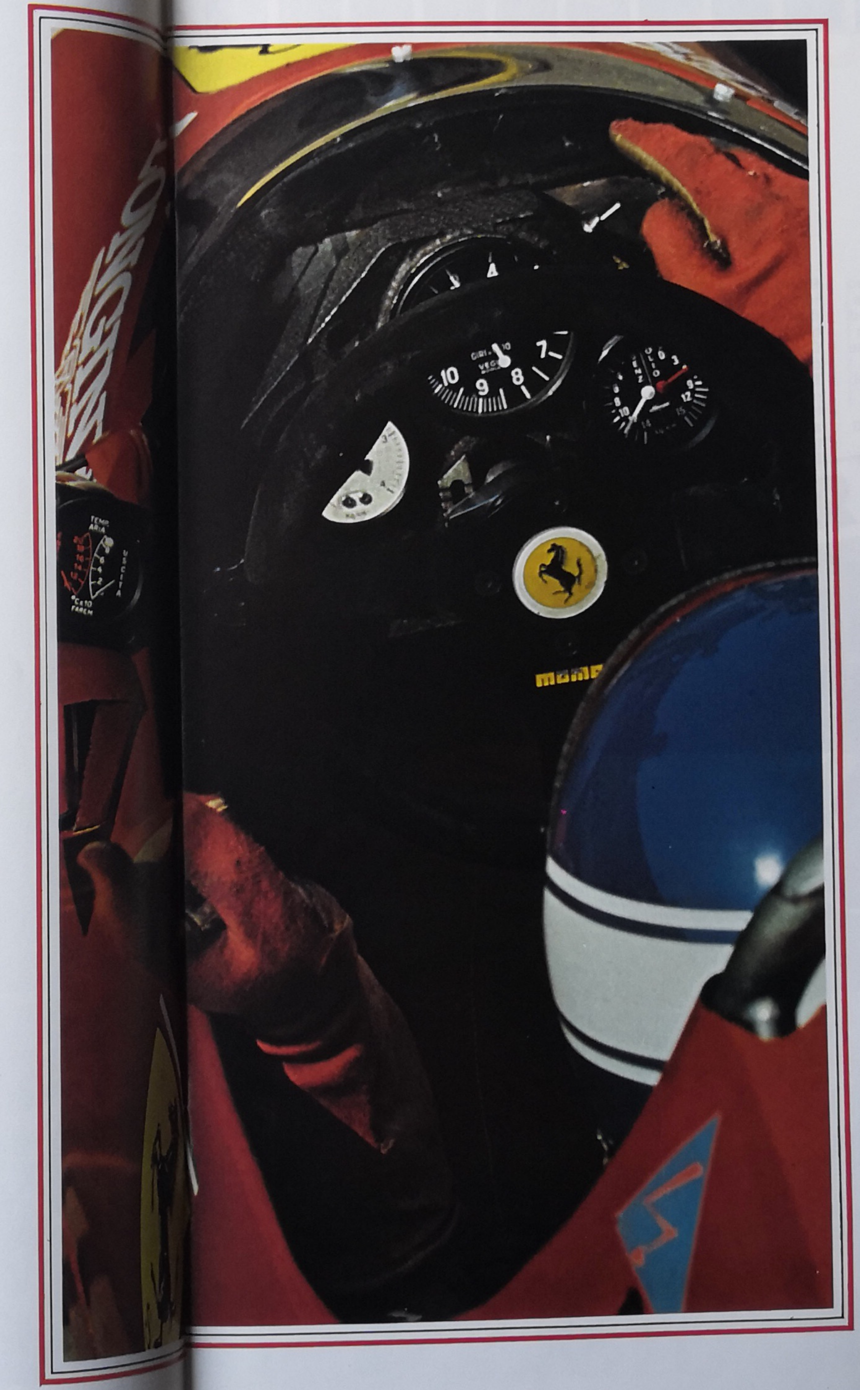
RICCARDO PATRESE

'I'm afraid it was all my fault. The car been going beautifully up until then. We had a little trouble during the refuelling stop because I was too far past the pit, and one of the mechanics broke an air line to one of the guns. So that took rather longer than it should have. But after that the car was good again, and I had no problem catching up with Tambay.

I lost a little time behind Rosberg and the gap grew from around 3.5 seconds to five seconds, but then I began to catch him again at a second a lap. I actually overtook him on the long left-hander where his engine was misfiring, and it looked like we had won. And then I got on the marbles and off I went. I got a little sideways coming out of Acque Minerali and just went straight on. It was quite a big accident. I lost two wheels. But I was very disappointed, very disappointed. And while I'm talking about disappointment, I'm also disappointed in the Italian crowd. You know, they all seem to be for Ferrari, not for Italian drivers. But I suppose I let them down a bit today...''

MARC SURER

''Yes, Alboreto hit me in the first corner. Except to be fair, it wasn't his fault because I was trying to overtake him round the outside, and it just didn't work. So I suppose that really, I hit him. Well, the result of that was that I got a slow puncture because of a bent wheel rim, and after I'd had a spin, I reckoned that it was time I did something about it, so I came in. They changed all four tyres and after that the car wasn't bad at all, and it was just simply a matter of overtaking other people or watching them fall off the track. After a pit stop, I think I'm quite lucky to finish in the points again. You know, it's my third time in the points in four races, so I'm quite happy!''



KEKE'S COLUMN

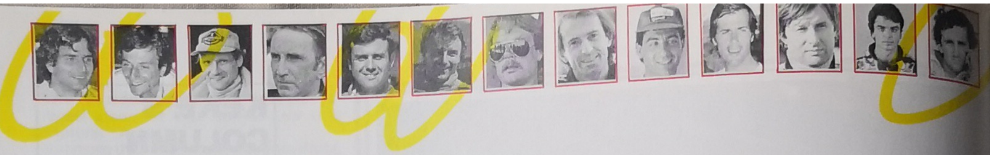
Now Spa was a pleasure: a track like there used to be and like there should be. We tested there between races and yes, I liked it a lot. Of course it favours the turbos — everything seems to do that now —; it has straights and so on. But it's easy to be carried away there: you enjoy it so much. But as for the condition of the track, that's another matter. It is still a disgrace. I'm sure they've tried very hard and so on, but the track is all dirt where it isn't mud. And also I'm not used to testing in front of ten thousand people who can come and sit around and listen while you're debriefing. That makes life very difficult. A go-kart team wouldn't send a team there the way it is now. It's just below standard: that's why Alboreto broke a car off: it could have been a bad accident. I don't want to hide from the public, but the job's hard enough; you have to get away to work.

Practice here was not so good, but at Spa we were alright: just a little off Prost. That's a fact of life. The turbos are faster than we are. We're not going to have a turbo this year. Frank may talk about it, but until he signs a contract, it remains an open subject. Of course I get discouraged at times. The philosophy of a racing driver is to be quicker than the other drivers; with a Cosworth that is now impossible. Even if you win a race, there's someone who's done a quicker lap.

I keep trying: what more can you do? I'm just looking forward to getting my hands on a turbo. When that happens, you'll see me flying. Then Formula One will get back to normal: with everyone more or less at the same standard.

I went back to Ibiza just a bit. But Imola has been disappointing. I thought there would be two seconds' difference between us and the turbos; but four seconds... You can't race with a four-second gap. So they make that with the boost during qualifying; you figure you can make up two, but four...? The car hasn't been absolutely perfect here. It isn't ever going to be perfect. Look at our rear wing. It's a compromise. I can sacrifice cornering or straight-line speed. If I run more wing, I have no feel left for the car. It's awful; you're slow and you don't know why you're slow. We can't load the tyres enough to get the grip. It's like facing a wall. I know how to control it: if I put on more wing, I lose everything.

I don't think I'm working too hard, but something's been wrong for two weeks with me. I just don't know what. I take very good care of myself, but even after a twelve-hour sleep I'm just not there. I've been miserable all week: bad headaches, can't lift my head off the pillow. You know me, I don't party, I don't fool around. After Monaco, lots of running, lots of sleep, and we'll see what happens.

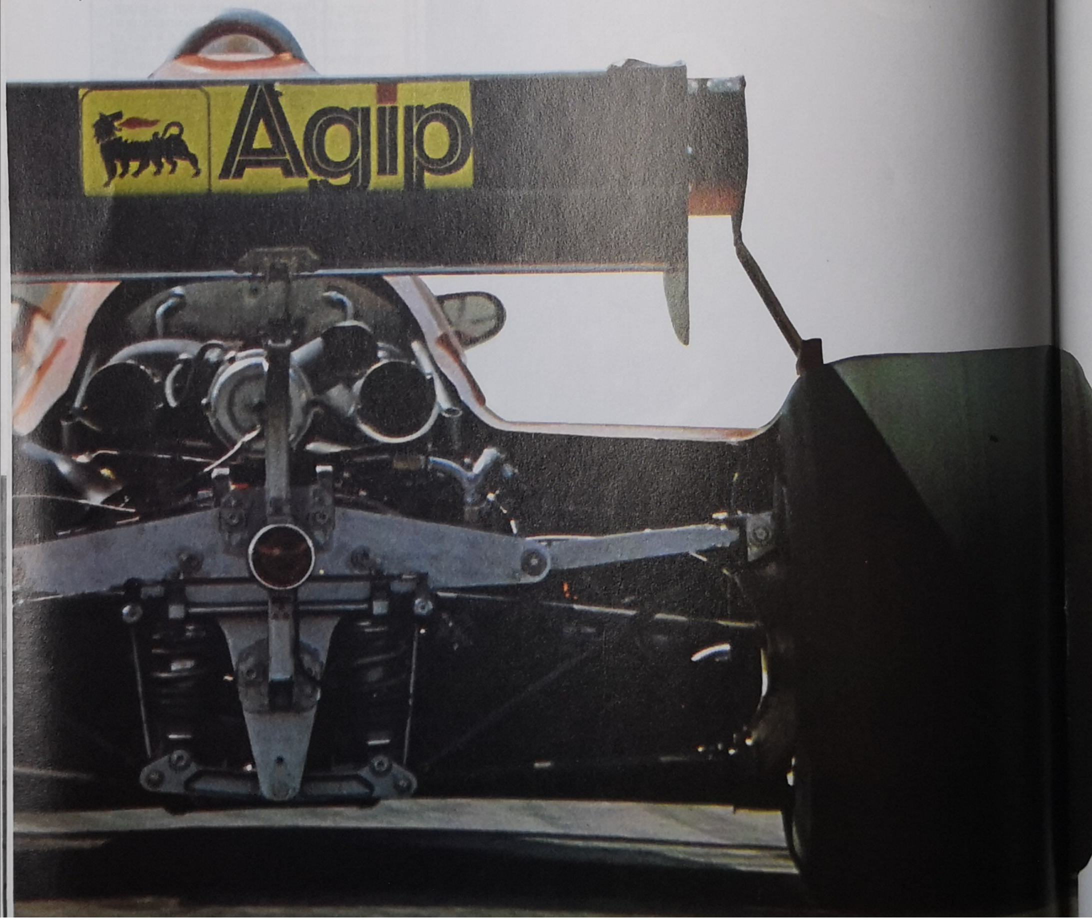


PRACTICE

A year ago, the San Marino Grand Prix had been the scene of the scission between the so-called 'legalist' constructors and the FOCA members: reacting to the weighing system which led to the disqualification of Rosberg and Piquet in Rio, both drivers had refused to start at Imola. Since then, a lot of water has flown under the bridge. 1983 looks like smoother waters, though refuelling stops might still prove to be a threat to the prevailing peace.

Friday started overcast and then turned sunny and 28 cars went out on the track: one fewer than a fortnight before at Paul Ricard, for John Mac Donald is back to his customary one car (for which, see Paddocks) and Schlesser is a mere spectator. Right next to the RAM garage, however, there is something to draw everyone's attention: the first laps to be put in by the Autodelta atmospheric V12 engine. The car has been assigned to Ghinzani.

The first untimed session got under way slowly, for the track still showed some slight traces of overnight rain. Some drivers even went out on rain-tyres for a few laps, but then, when the sun broke through, things picked up and the show was on: watched by some 25,000 enthusiastic *tifosi*. They are there to see something special from their beloved Ferrari, equipped with a new rear suspension. For the time being, they have to put up with disappointment: Arnoux has some minor engine problems and Tambay's fuel-feed is off. He walks back to the pits to take out the spare, and the same problem recurs.



But at least the Italian flag wasn't entirely at half-mast: thanks to de Cesaris. Despite some engine sputters on high boost, his Alfa Romeo is good enough to come out ahead of Prost's and Cheever's Renaults and de Angelis' Lotus. Elio, like his team-mate, was out on the quadruple rear wing seen at the Race of Champions and his new Pirellis. For Alfa Romeo and Pavanello's Euroracing team, the feat was psychologically important. It has to be said that after the firing of Gérard Ducarouge, the performance of the new car was under critical scrutiny. Alboreto was first for the atmospheric-engined cars, in seventh place, while at the opposite end, Laffite was second-to-last, having had persistent fuel problems. Eventually the fuel-pump was changed, with some difficulty, but only the brand-new Osella-Alfa Romeo was slower than Jacques.

When the first timed session started at 1 p.m., the drivers were all ready to give their best. The sky was true blue, the sun was bright and from the start it was plain that the new regulations have helped in some ways. You could see drivers doing things with their cars that would have been unthinkable a year ago: sprightly slides, crossed hands, climbing up on the kerbs, ploughing through the grass: anything to put their special qualifiers to the maximum possible use. No sooner have we seen just how good they all are than the first set of specials is gone: Piquet at 1'38''57 leads Arnoux, Prost, Tambay, de Cesaris, Baldi, de Angelis (whose turbo gives up the ghost, forcing him to go out in the spare), Cheever (who was held up by Warwick which brought sparks from a wheel under braking), Surer and Winkelhock.

On then to the second set of qualifiers. At Renault, all is calm; they have high hopes of making it a yellow-and-black front row on the grid. With a 1'33'', Prost soon gives them grounds for hope. Neither Tambay, whose engine gives out, nor de Cesaris and Baldi, who both have a faltering turbo, nor de Angelis, whose spare is not up to the mark, can threaten him. That leaves Piquet and Arnoux. The Brabham soon takes over with a 1'33''542: that despite a turbo gone wild which is costing the BMW engine some 400 rpm on the straights. No sooner does Nelson step out of the car than he announces a 1'32''8 or a 1'33'' is well within his grasp. Nonetheless, he is pleased with his performance: until some five minutes from the end, that is, when suddenly Arnoux, slightly unexpectedly, sets the *tifosi* on fire with a 1'33''419: an average speed of 194.221 kph that puts a Ferrari on the front of the provisional grid, and that despite being held up by two slower cars. Behind Arnoux, Piquet and Prost, come Prost, Cheever, Tambay, de Cesaris, Baldi, Winkelhock, de Angelis and Warwick, who had to go out in the spare after having turbo troubles. Ten of the eleven turbo-powered cars are up front; Giacomelli is the only driver to suffer the 'insult' of being led by an atmospheric. This time it's the admirable Marc Surer who manages to win the 'race within a race'. His eleventh place, in 1'35''723, was won with much brio, much sliding and bouncing up on the kerbs. The two Williams cars, generally accustomed to winning these laurels, made a poor showing. Rosberg was fourteenth and Laffite, who was struggling with soft brakes and a recalcitrant gear-box, was seventeenth. But even that is as nothing compared to the dreadful showing of the McLarens: Watson and Lauda were at the deep end of the grid, among the RAM and the Osellas. Watson could only allege consistent handling problems while Lauda had a troublesome engine.

For the second day of practice, the weather was truly fine. Now there are more than 60,000 fans out there, no doubt lured by Arnoux's performance on the eve. The untimed session went to Patrese, then Prost and Piquet, but the Italian driver had his problems, too: he twice broke his drive-shaft. Arnoux and de Cesaris were among the unlucky, both losing a turbo, with the Alfa nearly catching fire. Mansell was forced to stop with a bad clutch, Guerrero with a broken transmission and Warwick with the beginnings of a fire in his cockpit due to a short-circuit. De Angelis, unhappy with the handling of his Lotus, had recourse to his spare and Lauda, who had got a brand-new Cosworth DFY, had to ask for it to be changed at the end of practice, for reasons which remain obscure.

Comes one o'clock again: the hour of decision. The atmosphere is supercharged, and the fans shout their encouragements.

What quickly happened to the two Alfa Romeos doesn't seem to bother them much, but de Cesaris has to qualify in the spare and Baldi, who fell victim to a fire, can only go out in Andrea's spare when both sets of qualifiers have been used up.

Up front, the struggle is fierce. Tambay is first to beat the previous day's pole position, but he's soon through both sets of qualifiers and shortly thereafter, his engine gives up the ghost. Prost took up the challenge and he is then on pole, but Piquet snatches it away from him in short order, twice in a row. Consternation among the Italian fans. But 13 minutes from the end, there is joy unbounded: on his second set of qualifiers, Arnoux sets a stupendous 1'31''238, 198.864 kph on average. Quite a feat considering that the tyre men say that the track is only some three or four-tenths faster than the day before and that no one imagined it possible to beat 1'32''.

What the crowd hasn't seen is that Prost hasn't yet used his second set of qualifiers. Lurking in the dark depths of his garage, Prost finally emerges: but there is nothing doing, he can't find is way through the traffic. It is a major problem. To find a clear lap on super-qualifiers that only last a lap, to mix cars going flat out and others still just warming up is to ask for problems. But at Imola, no one was worried. A Ferrari on pole meant 100,000 paying customers for Sunday. As for the atmospherics Rosberg took over the lead: eleventh place. No surprise (no more than was the failure to qualify of Salazar and Ghinzani): after all, 25 out of 28 drivers had improved their times overnight!

Didier Braillon

THE RACE

Patrese went ahead, Patrese lost his head and with it the race. Tambay, everyone's gentleman, picked up the pieces after a drive of equal fortune and purity. Arnoux was a gritty third behind Prost. We now have two championships: one for the turbos, another for the rest.

SINT 200
GIACOBAZZI
LAMBRUSCO
TERRA
RENAULT
GOODYEAR
Marlboro
RENAULT elf
28
27
9

THE RACE

1. Arnoux established a comfortable lead from the start, and for the first two laps, Tambay managed to hold off Patrese. The Brabham soon overtook and moved up in between the two Ferraris. In the sixth lap, it took the lead. Prost, seen here in fourth position, held it until the 20th lap. (Photo: B. Asset)

2. In the second lap, 50% of Renault's hopes were dashed: Cheever, who ended his first lap in eighth position because of engine problems, suddenly saw the back of his RE40 go up in flames. He managed to get back to the pits, but had to call it a day. (Photo: First Line)

3. During the ninth lap, most of the second bunch of cars were still fighting it out. Winckelhock, who had been forced to use the spare, was in a worse position than during practice, lying in 17th, ahead of Sullivan, Serra, Giacomelli, Boesel, Jarier and Fabi. This was the moment when Surer had to go into the pits for a tyre change, because of a slow puncture. (Photo: B. Asset)

4. Prost made a pit-stop in the 27th, to refuel. His Renault was back on the track in just 16''45, but the stop had cost him a place; he now lay in fourth, behind Patrese, Tambay and Arnoux. In our picture you can see the piece of sticky tape, belonging to another team, that got caught in one of the Renault's wheels during the pit-stop. (Photo: B. Asset)

The winds blew, tents whipped about in a storm, rain threatened; still, the result was a serene afternoon, marked only by the drama six laps from the end when a rampant Patrese, driving with flair, drama and speed blew his great moment.

In a way, one could see it happening. The overtaking itself, with Tambay leading the race but knowing he was faltering, was without incident. Tambay himself said: *"My plan was to let him go by"*. Then, superexcited, Riccardo touched a kerb: something he hadn't intended. He was so occupied with putting in a show of superiority that he wasn't thinking. As Rosberg said of him at an earlier point in the race, *"I just couldn't figure out why he was trying to go so fast !"* He came out of Acque Minerali and started on the next curve, where the asphalt, particularly where fresh, was breaking up. It was a point, as Patrick was to say, where one had to exercise the utmost delicacy. Riccardo didn't. He braked a fraction too late and a little too wide and shattered his car on the embankment. As they say in Italy, *finito la storia.*

Mind you, the start had not been without incident. Those of us with longish memories had a brief, horrid moment watching Nelson Piquet, second on the grid, just sitting there in a motionless car. Hands not raised. No orange light. It was Paletti all over again as the cars careened on either side of Nelson. He had moved forward just a fraction and, stalled, was badly stranded. Fortunately nothing happened.

Apart from De Angelis, who was out in his spare for the second time this year, just in time, Winkelhock who was also in his spare having had a fuel leak in his spare car and Warwick who couldn't rely on his new engine, everyone started as planned. There were some minor scuffles in the early stages, and it was soon clear, by the way Prost was attacking Tambay and Patrese Arnoux that the Ferraris were not in tip-top form, particularly on the corners, which are not frequent enough at Imola for the *normally-aspirated cars* to make a serious challenge. Patrese was fastest into braking and cornering, Arnoux was pulling away on the straights, and by lap 6, Patrese was by little René: a position he was to hold until lap 33 when he finally came in for his fat: a word we have concocted to explain's scheduled pit-stop for fuel and tyres' (thus f, fuel and t, tyres). Before a quarter of the race was over, there had been the usual quota of incidents: a spectacular spin by Guerrero, Alboreto stopped with an engine cut out, possibly a bust throttle, Niki Lauda making an uncharacteristic mistake and sliding off. Nonetheless, despite the action behind, the front was settling down in stately rhythm: Patrese up front and pulling handsomely away, Arnoux only just hanging in there, Tambay moving up, Prost dogging his Ferrari, Andrea de Cesaris behind him and in sixth, inevitably, the world champion of the aspirated car class, Keke Rosberg.

But Arnoux's tyres were overinflating and making a pretty bump in their middle and he had to come in for his fat long before schedule. That put Tambay safely in second and Arnoux struggling a bit. The question then was, how fast could Patrese, in the lead, and Tambay, some six or seven seconds behind him, do their juggling acts in the pit-lanes? Well, the answer was that Tambay did it better than Patrese and from lap 34 to the end, a lap-chart will tell you Patrick held on to it: for Riccardo recovered it for less than a lap before throwing it away.

Tambay's victory was a triumph for steadiness and consistency; it was certainly not a victory he expected. Arnoux had problems of his own. Apart from tyre problems in the early stages of the race, his comeback was interrupted by a nasty spin in lap 55 onto the marbles beyond Acque Minerali. Luckily he was able to drive on the grass against the traffic and rejoin the front-runners in short enough order to head off Rosberg who had, as he said, *"momentary thoughts of third place."*

Prost suffered from a down-on-power engine throughout the race. He won no prizes for combativeness but wound up in the lead of the championship: that despite losing fourth gear ten laps from the end. De Cesaris, who was fifth early and then fourth after his fat, a slow one, suffered a distributor failure: another failure, again no fault of Andrea's. Baldi, in the other Alfa, also had a goodish race; then his engine went. Not so good.

So, and odd, uneven afternoon the championship breaks into two parts: turbos and others. It's like 25 years ago when F2 cars ran alongside the F1's. There was a difference then; there is one now.

Keith Botsford

5. Tambay was second behind Patrese when he made a pit-stop in the 32nd lap. The tyre change and refuelling took 15'' and Patrick retained his position. Two laps later, Patrese's time-consuming pit-stop (23''31) gave Tambay the chance to move into the lead. (Photo: B. Asset)

6. Rosberg was first of the atmospherics on the starting grid, in the eleventh row. Half-way through the race when he made a 14''15 pit-stop, he was already in the points. Patrese's last-minute retirement meant Rosberg finished fourth. Throughout the race, Rosberg really went all out, and kept mounting the kerb. (Photo: B. Asset)

7. Tambay, who had been in the lead since the 35th lap, gradually found Patrese closing in on him. Lap after lap, the Italian kept trying to overtake. In the 53rd at the Tosa, he made yet another bid — in vain; soon after, he succeeded, but then went off the track and it was all over. (Photo: DPPI)

8. The trio of Frenchmen, Tambay, Prost and Arnoux, took the first three places at San Marino. The Ferraris could have taken first and second, but for a mistake by Arnoux in the 54th lap. He went into a spin, which cost him a lot of time. Prost now shares the lead in the championship with Piquet, whose engine broke after stalling at the start. (Photo: DPPI).

Imola statistics

SAN MARINO GRAND PRIX

Date : May 1, 1983
Circuit : Imola
Circuit length : 5.04 km
Race distance : 60 laps, 302,400 km
Weather : overcast
Attendance : 150,000 spectators.

PREVIOUS WINNERS

1981 :Piquet (Brabham)
1982 : Pironi (Ferrari)

STARTING GRID

ARNOUX Ferrari 126C2 1'31''238 (2)	**PIQUET** Brabham BT52-BMW 1'31''964 (2)
TAMBAY Ferrari 126C2 1'31''967 (2)	**PROST** Renault RE 40 1'32''138 (2)
PATRESE Brabham BT 52-BMW 1'32''969 (2)	**CHEEVER** Renault RE40 1'33''450 (2)
WINKELHOCK ATS D6-BMW 1'33''470 (2)	**DE CESARIS** Alfa Romeo 183T 1'33''528 (2)
DE ANGELIS Lotus 93 T-Renault 1'34''332 (2)	**BALDI** Alfa Romeo 183T 1'35''000 (1)
ROSBERG Williams FW08C-Cosworth 1'35''086 (2)	**SURER** Arrows A6-Cosworth 1'35''411 (2)
ALBORETO Tyrrell 011-Cosworth 1'35''525 (2)	**WARWICK** Toleman TG183B-Hart 1'35''676 (1)
MANSELL Lotus 92-Cosworth 1'35''703 (2)	**LAFFITE** Williams FW08C-Cosworth 1'35''707 (2)
GIACOMELLI Toleman TG183B-Hart 1'35''969 (1)	**LAUDA** McLaren MP4-1C-Cosworth 1'36''099 (2)
JARIER Ligier JS21-Cosworth 1'36''116 (2)	**SERRA** Arrows A6-Cosworth 1'36''258 (2)
GUERRERO Theodore 183-Cosworth 1'36''325 (2)	**SULLIVAN** Tyrrell 011-Cosworth 1'36''359 (2)
CECOTTO Theodore 183-Cosworth 1'36''638 (2)	**WATSON** McLaren MP4-1C-Cosworth 1'36''652 (2)
BOESEL Ligier JS21-Cosworth 1'37''322 (2)	**FABI** Osella FA1D-Cosworth 1'37''711 (2)

Did not qualify :
Salazar/RAM 01-Cosworth, 1'38''097 (2)
Ghinzani/Osella FA1E-Alfa Romeo 1'38''873 (2)

PROVISIONAL WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP POSITIONS

(After the Brazilian, Long Beach, French and San Marino GPs)

					Total
1. Prost	—	—	9	6	15
Piquet	9	—	6	—	15
3. Tambay	2	—	3	9	14
4. Watson	—	9	—	2	11
5. Lauda	4	6	—	—	10
6. Arnoux	—	4	—	4	8
7. Laffitte	3	3	1	—	7
8. Rosberg	—	—	2	3	5
9. Cheever	—	—	4	—	4
Surer	1	2	—	1	4
11. Cecotto	—	1	—	—	1

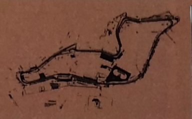
Turbo
15
PROST
RENAULT elf

RESULTS

1. Tambay/Ferrari 126C 260 laps, 302.400 kms in 1 hr 37'52''460, an average speed of 185,400 km/h.

2. Prost	Renault RE40	48''781 behind
3. Arnoux	Ferrari 126C2	1 lap behind
4. Rosberg	Williams FW08C-Cosworth	1 lap behind
5. Watson	McLaren MP4-1C-Cosworth	1 lap behind
6. Surer	Arrows A6-Cosworth	1 lap behind
7. Laffite	Williams FW08C-Cosworth	1 lap behind
8. Serra	Arrows A6-Cosworth	2 laps behind
9. Boesel	Ligier JS21-Cosworth	2 laps behind
10. Baldi	Alfa Romeo 183 T	3 laps behind
11. Winkelhock	ATS D6-BMW	3 laps behind
12. Mansell	Lotus 92-Cosworth	4 laps behind

Fastest lap : Patrese/Brabham BT 52/BMW, 1'34''437 on lap 47, an average speed of 192.128 km/h.



CONSTRUCTORS' WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP

1. Ferrari 22 pts ; 2. Mc Laren 21 pts ; 3. Renault 19 pts ; 4. Brabham 15 pts ; 5. Williams 12 pts ; 6. Arrows 4 pts , 7. Theodore 1 pt.

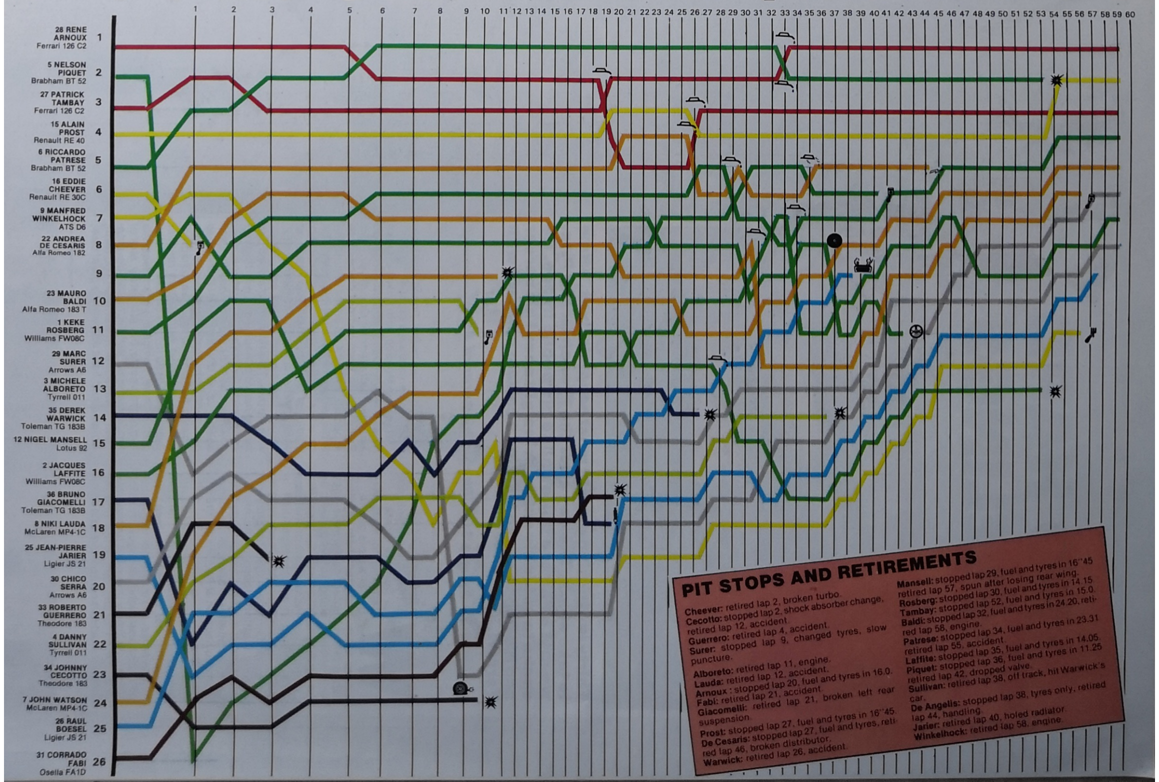
OFFICIAL QUALIFYING TIMES

	Unoff. practice 1	Timed practice 1	Unoff. practice 2	Timed practice 2	Warm-up sunday
1. Rosberg	1'37''544	1'36''145	1'35''905	**1'35''086**	1'37''354
2. Laffite	1'40''507	1'36''630	1'37''283	**1'35''707**	1'38''715
3. Alboreto	1'35''918	1'35''988	1'37''375	**1'35''525**	1'37''647
4. Sullivan	1'38''335	1'37''320	1'37''089	**1'36''359**	1'48''068
5. Piquet	1'35''824	1'33''542	1'34''456	**1'31''964**	1'35''424
6. Patrese	1'37''165	1'36''243	1'33''724	**1'32''969**	1'34''668
7. Watson	1'39''161	1'37''847	1'35''482	**1'36''652**	1'36''848
8. Lauda	1'37''375	1'38''089	1'35''203	**1'36''099**	1'36''866
9. Winkelhock	1'37''319	1'35''010	1'34''800	**1'33''470**	—
11. De Angelis	1'35''101	1'35''091	1'34''769	**1'34''332**	1'38''175
12. Mansell	1'36''625	1'36''391	1'38''041	**1'35''703**	1'38''509
15. Prost	1'34''788	1'33''653	1'33'776	**1'32''138**	1'36''455
16. Cheever	1'34''975	1'33''888	1'34''600	**1'33''450**	1'34''440
17. Salazar	1'39''507	1'38''691	1'38''316	**1'38''097**	—
22. De Cesaris	1'34''413	1'34''345	1'36''150	**1'33''528**	1'38''134
23. Baldi	1'36''351	**1'35''000**	1'34''836	1'36''620	1'36''577
25. Jarier	1'37''880	1'37''544	1'35''625	**1'36''116**	1'38''634
26. Boesel	1'39''183	1'39''435	1'37''439	**1'37''322**	1'39''094
27. Tambay	1'35''322	1'34''221	1'35''156	**1'31''967**	1'35''269
28. Arnoux	1'36''083	1'33''419	1'35''153	**1'31''238**	1'34''726
29. Surer	1'36''103	1'35''723	1'35''779	**1'35''411**	1'38''899
30. Serra	1'37''262	1'37''337	1'38''290	**1'36'258**	1'39''248
31. Fabi	1'39''423	1'37''952	1'36''959	**1'37''711**	1'39''621
32. Ghinzani	1'47''806	1'39''248	1'38''409	**1'38''873**	—
33. Guerrero	1'38''224	1'36''792	1'39''082	**1'36''324**	1'39''067
34. Cecotto	1'38''696	1'37''554	1'37''885	**1'36''638**	1'40''202
35. Warwick	1'37''302	**1'35''676**	1'35''507	1'36''881	1'41''057
36. Giacomelli	1'39''138	**1'35''969**	1'39''766	—	1'39''107

THEIR FASTEST RACE LAPS

Patrese	1'34''437
Tambay	1'35''516
Piquet	1'36''306
Arnoux	1'36''423
Prost	1'36''833
De Cesaris	1'37''214
Surer	1'37''718
Rosberg	1'37''836
Jarier	1'38''026
Baldi	1'38''063
Serra	1'38''366
Watson	1'38''380
Laffite	1'38''463
Mansell	1'38''466
De Angelis	1'38''615
Lauda	1'38''641
Warwick	1'39''069
Alboreto	1'39''438
Boesel	1'39''480
Sullivan	1'39''685
Fabi	1'39''692
Winkelhock	1'39''903
Giacomelli	1'39''917
Cecotto	1'41''961
Guerrero	1'44''305
Cheever	1'51''645

e-Lap by lap-Giro per giro-Runde um runde-Tour par tour-Vuelta a vuelta-



PIT STOPS AND RETIREMENTS

Cheever: retired lap 2, broken turbo.
Cecotto: stopped lap 2, shock absorber change, retired lap 12, accident.
Guerrero: retired lap 4, accident.
Surer: stopped lap 9, changed tyres, slow puncture.
Alboreto: retired lap 11, engine.
Lauda: retired lap 12, accident.
Arnoux : stopped lap 20, fuel and tyres in 16.0.
Fabi: retired lap 21, accident.
Giacomelli: retired lap 21, broken left rear suspension.
Prost: stopped lap 27, fuel and tyres in 16''45.
De Cesaris: stopped lap 27, fuel and tyres, retired lap 46, broken distributor.
Warwick: retired lap 26, accident.
Mansell: stopped lap 29, fuel and tyres in 16''45 retired lap 57, spun after losing rear wing.
Rosberg: stopped lap 30, fuel and tyres in 14.15
Tambay: stopped lap 52, fuel and tyres in 15.0.
Baldi: stopped lap 32, fuel and tyres in 24.20, retired lap 58, engine.
Patrese: stopped lap 34, fuel and tyres in 23.31 retired lap 55, accident.
Laffite: stopped lap 35, fuel and tyres in 14.05.
Piquet: stopped lap 36, fuel and tyres in 11.25 retired lap 42, dropped valve.
Sullivan: retired lap 38, off track, hit Warwick's car.
De Angelis: stopped lap 38, tyres only, retired lap 44, handling.
Jarier: retired lap 40, holed radiator.
Winkelhock: retired lap 58, engine.

NO HARD FEELINGS

Thirty is a turning point in most people's lives, a time to take stock. The day after the French Grand Prix, we met a Patrese quite unlike his public image. He spoke to us kindly and with insight about his career and his hopes, not to mention a certain contract with Ferrari...

By Franco Lini. Photos by Bernard Asset.

We had arranged to meet at the Cafe de Paris, not far from the Monte Carlo casino. I was sitting at a table on the terrace when I spotted them, holding hands, like a couple of newly-weds. They were strolling along, totally relaxed, as though they hadn't a care in the world. Riccardo and Suzy Patrese were on their way back from a shopping expedition in Monaco — now their home town. Judging by the number of packages that Suzy was carrying, the trip had been fruitful. As they joined me at my table, I asked Suzy whether she had already spent all the money Riccardo had won at Paul Ricard the previous day.

Riccardo cut me short : *"Please let's not talk about unpleasant things,"* he said. *"I'd rather not discuss the race. The engine broke..."* Yet another incident to add to Patrese's long catalogue of misfortunes... He's only thirty, but he has been driving in F1 for six years. In that time, he has rarely had competitive cars; and on the occasions when he has, financial or technical problems always cropped up.

"I started in Monaco, with Shadow, when it was going through a bad patch. They had just lost their Number One driver, Tom Pryce, Renzo Zorzi had not come up to expectations and Alan Jones' reputation in those days wasn't what it is today. The car wasn't really competitive. I had a very mediocre season, which was made no easier by the fact I was still racing in F2.

"When Shadow and Arrows split, I went with Arrows. This time, I had a good car, but we had to change it half way through the season for copyright reasons, after Shadow won the case they had brought against us. All of which meant that we had one month to put together a new car from scratch. Needless to say, it wasn't a great success. I stayed with Arrows for four years, and I liked it. I got on well with the people there, particularly Alan Rees. We had our moments, but ultimately, lack of funds curtailed our technical development. It was a shame; we had a good team, which could have achieved a great deal,

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given the resources."

The lean times came to an end when Patrese joined Brabham, one of the richest and most competitive teams in F1. Even so, when you tot up the total of Patrese's six seasons in F1, you're left with a single win, last year, at Monte Carlo. Fate has not dealt very kindly with Patrese, as he's only too well aware. Take the 1978 African Grand Prix, which he would have won, but for last minute engine problems. *"It's true that I had high expectations at the start of this season,"* says Riccardo with a touch of bitterness in his voice. *"Now I've seen my chances in three races upset by minor mechanical problems. At Rio, I could have come first or second. At Long Beach, I was in a position to win, but the engine started to lose power during the thirtieth lap and then it packed up altogether. Then yesterday at Ricard, the water in my engine vapourised. It irritates me that this kind of thing seems to happen to me more often than to other people."*

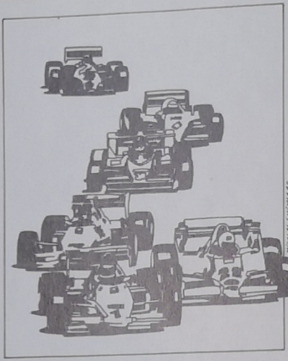
Riccardo pauses for a moment, shifts around in his chair and then continues the story, more relaxed this time. *"Listen, I'm glad to be where I am today, even if I did miss a lot of opportunities because of mechanical problems. Last year, I won here at Monaco after holding second position throughout the race; that was one occasion when I had luck on my side. Prost was the strongest. If it hadn't started raining towards the end of the race, he would have won it. He left the track, I went into a spin. If it hadn't been for all the incidents in the last lap, I would never have won. That day I should have finished second, not first."*

Patrese started out in karting before going on to F3. It was a good time for him, when he didn't have to hang about waiting for

victories. *"I spent six years in karting, including five seasons in international racing. In the final season, I won the European Championship. In F3, I became European Champion in my first season. But don't think it was easy: I had to work and to suffer to get results like that. I set myself targets, and I got there. But I had to fight every step of the way."*

All right, it wasn't handed to him on a plate, but at least he was rewarded for his efforts, whereas in F1...

"Let's not exaggerate; my F1 record isn't as bad as all that: one win, four second places, one pole position, several best lap times. Of course I want more. My ambition is to win other grands prix and the world championship . I still need to earn a few



more stripes before I'm regarded as being in the running for the title. But Rosberg managed it with a single victory."

Sometimes, a journalist has to provoke, for example by asking whether, after his rapid rise through the ranks both in karting and in F3, Riccardo might have run out of energy by the time he got to F1.

"I had my share of problems before joining Brabham. I just hope I get a chance to show you that I'm ready for anything. There are still thirteen grands prix to go, I could still win a few. I haven't given up the hope of winning the championship, you never know. Even if my season hasn't got off to such a good start. It's no joke being fifteen points behind a driver like Nelson; it's a serious obstacle, but not an insurmountable one... Still, if I haven't succeeded in closing the gap by mid-season, I'll help Nelson win the title, as he would if he were in my position."

"There's still no getting away from the fact that Nelson's results are more convincing than yours."

Patrese's eyes widen in astonishement: *"But that's not true. Last year I finished ahead of him on points and on the starting grid I was often in front of Piquet."*

"You don't have an inferiority complex towards Piquet?"

"Why should I have ? The results speak for themselves. In '82, I finished the championship with 21 points, while Nelson had 20. And we won one grand prix each. As far as speed is concerned, I think the balance is tipped in my favour. Nelson has been world champion, but from the technical point of view, we're treated as equals. It's clear that Nelson has the advantage of the prestige that goes with having won title. But I also feel perfectly capable of becoming champion. So, I've no complexes. What's more, Nelson and I get on like a house on fire, we're friends. I'm ready to help him out whenever the need arises."

Maybe it's the after-effect of a leisurely. day's shopping inMonaco, but the Patrese I'm talking to is a very different person from the distant, haughty, cold individual he's often made out to be. He's not the most outgoing of men, that's true. But after meeting him on several different occasions, we feel justified in saying that the man and his popular image have little

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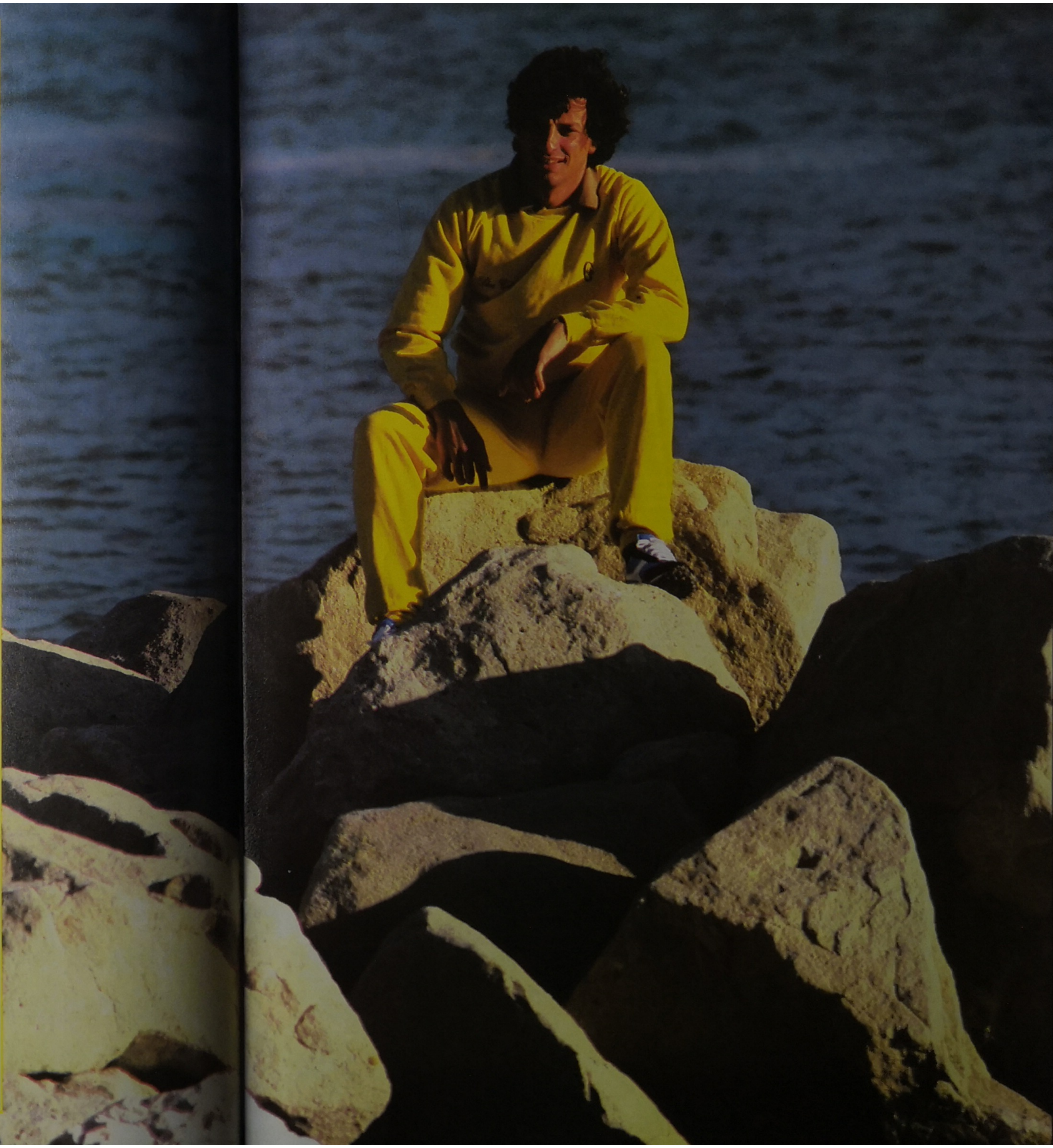


in common. When, for example, he drove in Group C for Lancia Martini at Monza, he was calm and relaxed. How does one explain this change? Has shyness got something to do with it?

"Yes, I am shy. When I first started in F1, people took my reserve for arrogance, which led to a great many problems, the day after the drama at Monza, for example. From that moment on, and mostly because of what the press wrote, people have been hostile towards me. I felt their attitude was unjust and retired even further into my shell. I didnt deserve that kind of treatment."

"But over the past two years, things have changed. I'm not anti-social. It's just that when I'm working, I need to concentrale. At other times, it's different. I'm reserved, there's no denying that, especially with people that I don't know. But with people I see more often, I'm more open. The problem is that I'm stuck with an image, I just can't get rid of it."

"The suspicious, mistrustful Patrese?"

"Yes, that's it. But if I'm mistrustful, it's as a result of all that I've gone through, especially since Peterson died. Add to that my natural shyness, and you can see why people who don't know me think me arrogant and pretentious."

He says all this simply, calmly, with an air of detachment. This Patrese is very different from the one the public know. He has changed, and not everyone realises it. Maturity, marriage, family responsibilities and a new-found confidence have combined to help change Riccardo's outlook. Which means that he can discuss, objectively, the subject that's inflamed and divided so many Italian F1 fans: "the Ferrari affair."

Three years ago, Riccardo's future seemed very rosy indeed. The Commendatore seemed to want an Italian driver and Patrese seemed the obvious candidate. The Scuderia's last Italian driver had been Merzario just before Lauda arrived on the scene. Enzo Ferrari confided to a handful of Italian journalists that *"if an Italian was to drive a Ferrari, it would have to be Patrese."* Then, a few months ago, Enzo Ferrari hinted to a journalist that if the contract was never signed, it was because of Riccardo's excessive financial demands. *"Our budget did not allow us to offer the price he was asking."*

Does all this mean that Patrese will never join Ferrari?

"Why not? It's been a long time since I last spoke to a Scuderia representative. On that occasion, Ferrari's commercial director told me they had no plans for me. I don't feel bitter towards them, and neither do I think that the Commendatore had a profound reason for not wanting me on his team. If they were to approach me again, I'd be glad to talk to them, because the Scuderia is still one of the strongest teams there is — in terms of both human and technical potential. And now, I'm an experienced driver.

"I'd pay the closest attention to any offer from Ferrari, as I would to offers from Williams or McLaren. It's true that at the beginning of my career, emotional factors would have played a greater part than they would today. The very name of Ferrari has a unique, mystical power over all young Italian drivers. I never demanded too much money from Ferrari. I simply wanted Ferrari to make me a definite, and precise offer. When he wouldn't, I simply asked for the same sum as I was earning at Arrows, and believe me, that wasn't too much. I signed a rough contract, which was later cancelled. I know I didn't do anything to make Ferrari cancel it. As far as I'm concerned, it's all a complete mystery. I still don't know why Ferrari's attitude towards me changed. I signed the rough contract in 1978, after the South African Grand Prix, and the plan at that time was that I would join the Scuderia in 1980. Later, I was told to wait until 1981. And in 1981, when the time came to sign the contract proper, they asked me how much I wanted. I spelled out to them that the issue was not of paramount importance for me and asked them to draw up an offer. I never got a reply.

"It makes me smile that people think of me as mercenary. Not once during this affair did I make excessive demands. Anyway, from now on, none of this matters any more. If Ferrari contacted me again, I'd be very happy, and if their proposals suited me, I would accept them straightaway. Any professional would behave the same way in the circumstances."

Patrese belongs to that group of professionals who are mindful of their obligations. He has a full diary, what with his F1 and Group C commitments. He looks on Group C as relaxation, after the tensions of F1, even if he's not very keen on long races such as the Le Mans 24 hours. At least in Group C he mixes with a different crowd, more relaxed and easy-going than the folk in F1. And he's among Italians, in an Italian team with Lancia Martini. Quite a change from the British mentality of the Brabham team.

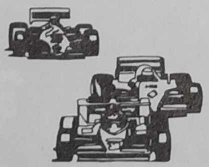
Patrese may not want to admit it, but these races might help change his relations with the Italian public, a public which has never taken him to its heart. That, perhaps, is the secret wound that Patrese is busy trying to conceal from the world. □

parmalat
BRABHAM

HIDEAWAY

A tiny and truly British factory: red brick, lawn, paving stones gleaming wet. 243 Gresham Road, Slough, is where Honda is making its long-awaited return to Formula One racing: in the modest and functional hideaway of Spirit Racing.

by Didier Braillon and Bob Constanduros



A few bay windows, neon lighting on long wires and hanging from metal brackets: the light is raw and tending towards green and the workshops are anything but extraordinary. No more pretentious is the office of John Wickham, a small room panelled with wood; nor the cubbyhole with beige-painted bricks where Gordon Coppuck is making up a model of the new Spirit Honda F1 car.

At the Race of Champions in April, the Spirit 201-Honda sported a temporary F2 chassis; it soon retired, with both its engines blown and sits there, disconsolate, on its carrier. For John Wickham and Gordon Coppuck, that car now belongs to the past: during the San Marino Grand Prix at Imola, Spirit will have the first of its two genuine F1 chassis; construction on both recently started: *"Our 1983 programme,"* says Wickham, *"is based on two cars. The first will embody what we have learned from the old F2 chassis which ran at Brands Hatch; the second will be developed in line with our aerodynamic research in the wind tunnel, and should be operational by the end of*

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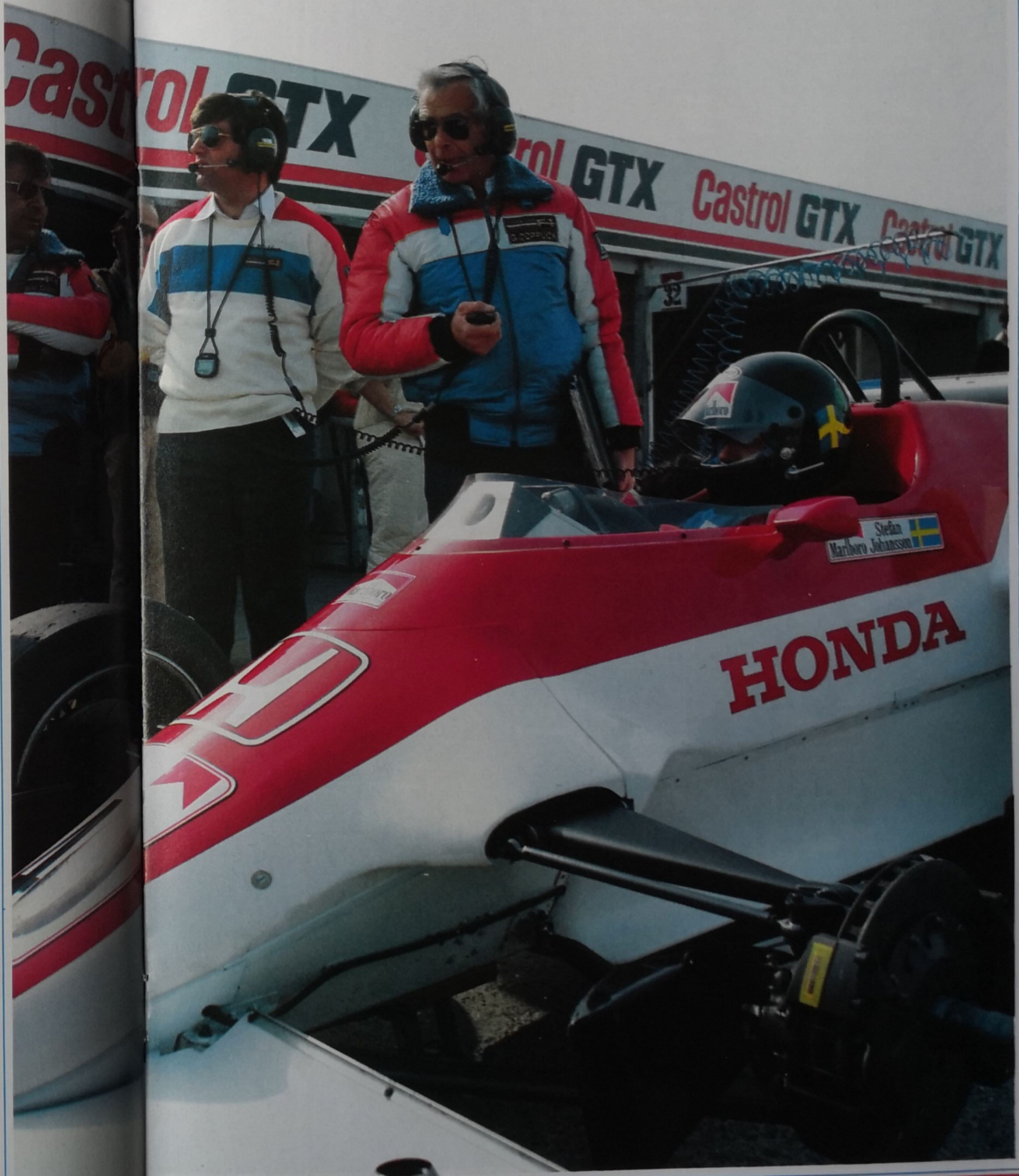


A week before the French Grand Prix, the Spirit-Honda left its lair in Slough to take part in its first-ever race: the Race of Champions at Brands Hatch. Stefan Johansson was unlucky; he was plagued by recurrent engine trouble. (Photos: First Line & David Winter).

August. Our aim is to run our first car during June. We were in no hurry when we began. The decision to build a 'real' F1 car was taken around Christmas and since then, we have used all the time we needed to make sure we were on the right track. At Brands we found out we were and since then we've been working non-stop."

Wickham is certainly not panicked. Quite the contrary. Former manager of the British Automobile Racing Club and then team-manager for John Surtees and March before starting up his own team at the end of 1981, Wickham has his feet firmly planted on the ground. Everything is planned, down to the last detail.

"Our aim is to make our debut at the Swiss Grand Prix, if there is one, and we will use our current F2 chassis as our spare. For the last three or four grands prix of the season, the second chassis, on which John Baldwin is now working, will be ready. That way we should be able to choose which is the better of the two. Our second chassis will be more or less destined for next season, but my guess is that both will have more or less the same general profile, and since the double rear wing used by Toleman was not banned at the French Grand Prix, as some people expected it might be, we are likely to stick to that idea, which you saw in operation at Brands Hatch."

The Spirit-Honda, to put it mildly, has not had what might be called a reliable engine: *"We're not particularly worried about what happened at Brands,"* continued Wickham. *"Our Honda engineers quickly found out what was wrong and they already know how to correct the failures. The three blown V6's were sent back to Tokyo and we will get them back at the end of next month. Meanwhile, we will continue to test, both in England and on the continent."*

Apart from its fragile engines, the Spirit-Honda showed itself exceptionally quick at Brands during untimed practice.

"True," said Wickham *"Which is why we consider the results positive. We haven't had any official response from Japan yet, but I heard through a third party that our partners are in fact well-pleased and no way bothered by the troubles we had. Our basic purpose at Brands was to run against the competition and I think I can say without false modesty that we didn't really expect to be among the leaders. The truth is, we were full of doubts and we had no way in which we could calculate our probable position mathematically: at the front or the back. I can confess now that I leaned towards the latter alternative and it was a pleasant surprise to see our car right up there with Rosberg's Williams and Arnoux's Ferrari: despite the fact that both were out in their spares and not in their regular race cars."*

Faced firmly towards the future, Wickham sees the days to come with confidence; but a few unknowns persist.

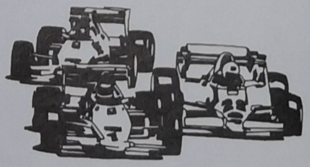
"Our contract with Honda ends with this season, but obviously it is renewable and we sincerely hope to be able to continue in association with them. I have no idea of their real intentions, but I know for certain they intend to race in Formula One. Like everyone else, I've heard rumours alleging that they will supply engines to several teams in 1983 but, to be frank, I can't see them supplying more than two. With full programmes in F1 and F2, plus constant development and research, they are already fully committed. But they are great to work with: not a day goes by without some improvement. Each engine we get, for instance, is lighter than its predecessor."

At Dijon, or at Silverstone, if the Swiss Grand Prix is cancelled, Stefan Johansson will be behind the wheel of a Spirit-Honda: as he was at the Race of Champions. Only on this point is there a slight break in Wickham's and Coppuck's pragmatism — perhaps because the reasons for this choice of driver have not been made entirely clear and some people think of it as a return to the past.

All Wickham will say is that *"Stefan is our Number One driver. But we would really like to have Thierry Boutsen join the team as our Number Two: both as reserve driver and for testing, at which he is very gifted. Naturally, that would depend on his still being free..."*

The move from F2 to F1 has not altered Spirit Racing. The style is the same and no one there takes himself more seriously or importantly for the promotion.

At present it has some twenty men at work; another five or six will be taken on at the appropriate time. Like their elders, they will start to work efficiently and discreetly in that little red-brick hideaway.



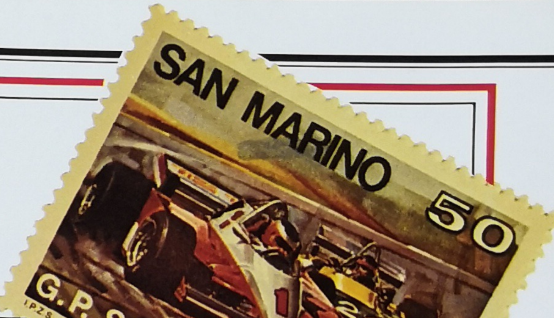
Above: Gordon Coppuck at work. In his gifted hands, the future Spirit-Honda begins to take shape. Below: the workshops, not yet in top gear, but getting ready to launch the yellow peril in a few weeks' time. (Photos: David Winter & First Line).

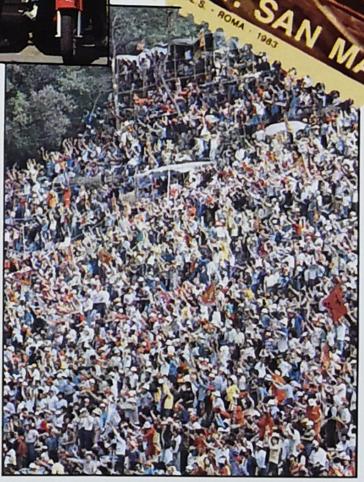
Postcard from Imola

Updated version of the Victorian hula-hoop.

De Angelis just loves a good read...

GPI's photographers astride their scooters; thanks, Piaggio, on behalf of B. Asset, DPPI and First Line...


SAN MARINO
50
I.P.Z.S. - ROMA - 1983
G.P. SAN MARINO DI F.1
A. DE GIUSTI



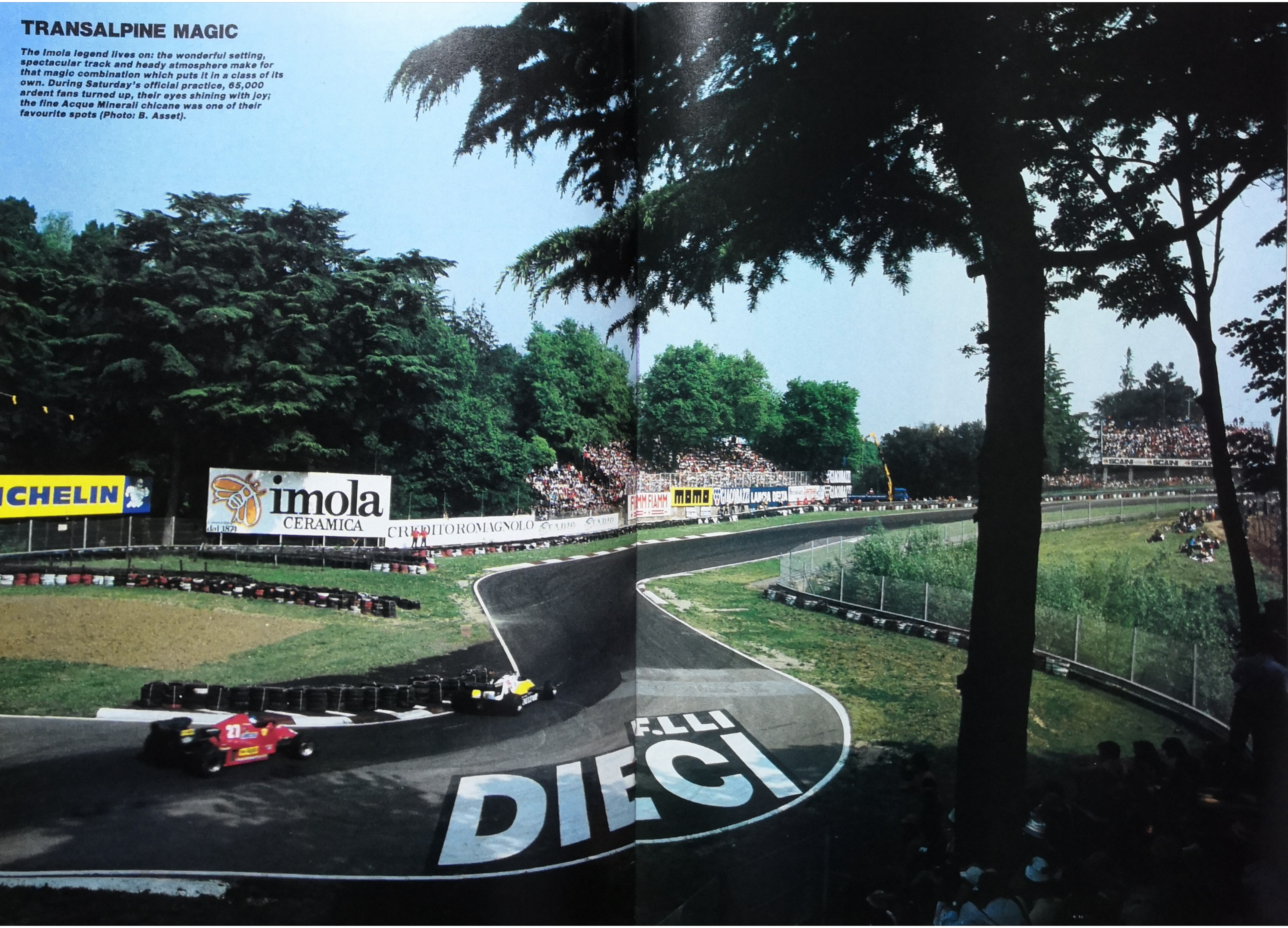
Stamps, a wildly enthusiastic crowd, both help boost San Marino's reputation. The flag and scooters are all part of the same game.

Fire – the biggest hazard.

GIACOBAZZI

GILLES VIVO

the Gilles cult is still growing apace; for the Italian fans, it's a case of spend, spend, spend!


MICHELIN
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momo
LANCIA DELTA
SCAM
27
F.LLI
DIECI

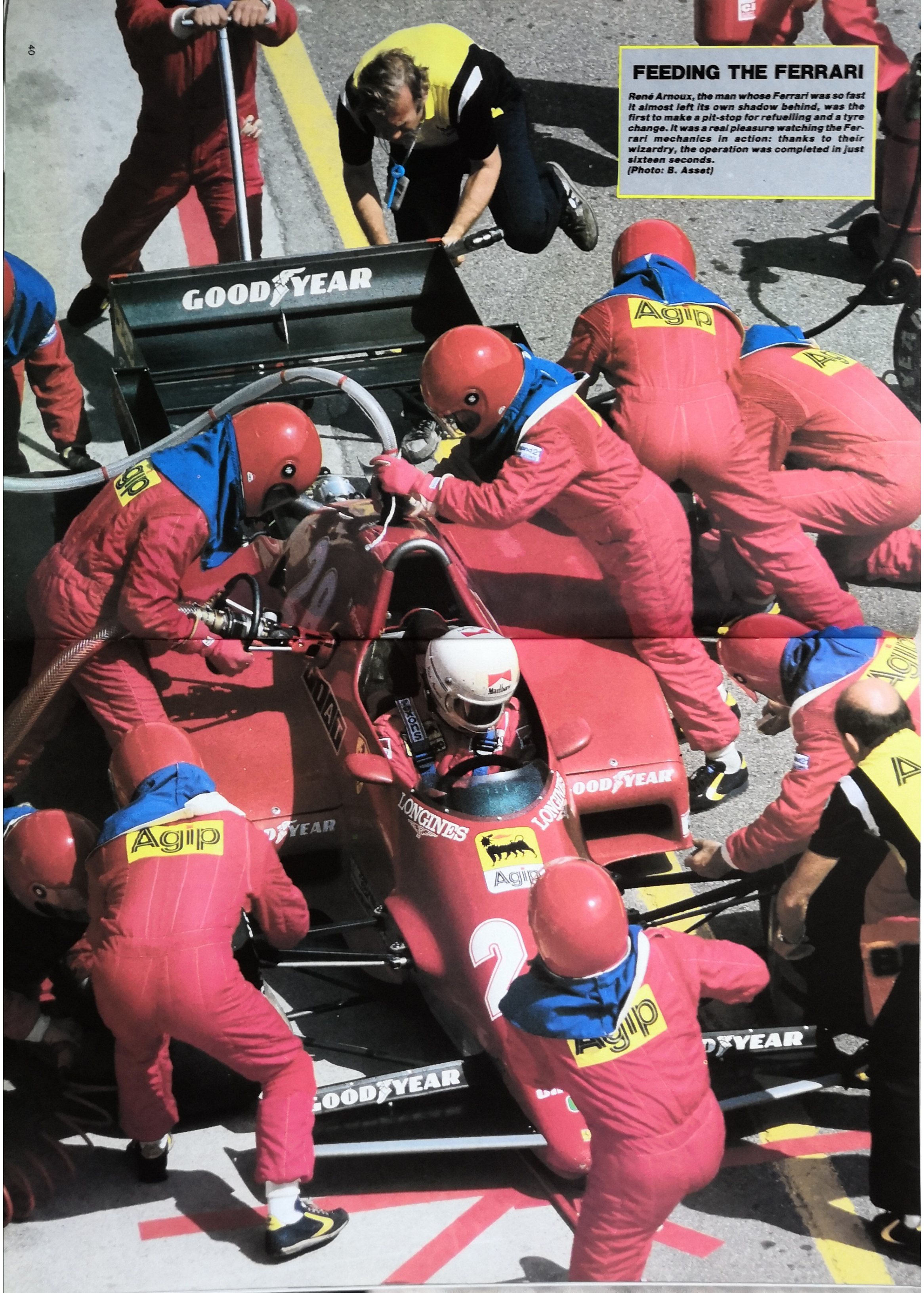
TRANSALPINE MAGIC

The Imola legend lives on: the wonderful setting, spectacular track and heady atmosphere make for that magic combination which puts it in a class of its own. During Saturday's official practice, 65,000 ardent fans turned up, their eyes shining with joy; the fine Acque Minerali chicane was one of their favourite spots (Photo: B. Asset).

GIACOBAZZI
LAMBRUSCO
29
MARILENA
SURER
Swiss
DIES

SWISS ARROW

On Friday, Surer succeeded in establishing himself as king of the atmospherics. The next day, he had to lower his sights a bit, but at the end of the race, his efforts were rewarded with another point. The Arrows seem to improve with every day that passes. It's a pleasant surprise. (Photos: B. Asset and First Line).


GOODYEAR
Agip
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LONGINES
LONGINES
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GOODYEAR
GOODYEAR
GOODYEAR
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2
Marlboro

FEEDING THE FERRARI

René Arnoux, the man whose Ferrari was so fast it almost left its own shadow behind, was the first to make a pit-stop for refuelling and a tyre change. It was a real pleasure watching the Ferrari mechanics in action: thanks to their wizardry, the operation was completed in just sixteen seconds.
(Photo: B. Asset)

MOBIRA
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RECORD
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DENIM
1
KONI

KING OF THE ATMOSPHERICS

"Keke Rosberg is on a really rich mix this time." So said one of our photographers, when describing Keke's driving since the start of the season. He has shown total determination and daring, manœuvring his Williams with incredible verve into positions that would have been impossible with greater ground effect. At Imola, he demonstrated once more that he was well and truly the king of the atmospherics. (photo B. Asset)

LONGINES
LONGINES
LONGINES

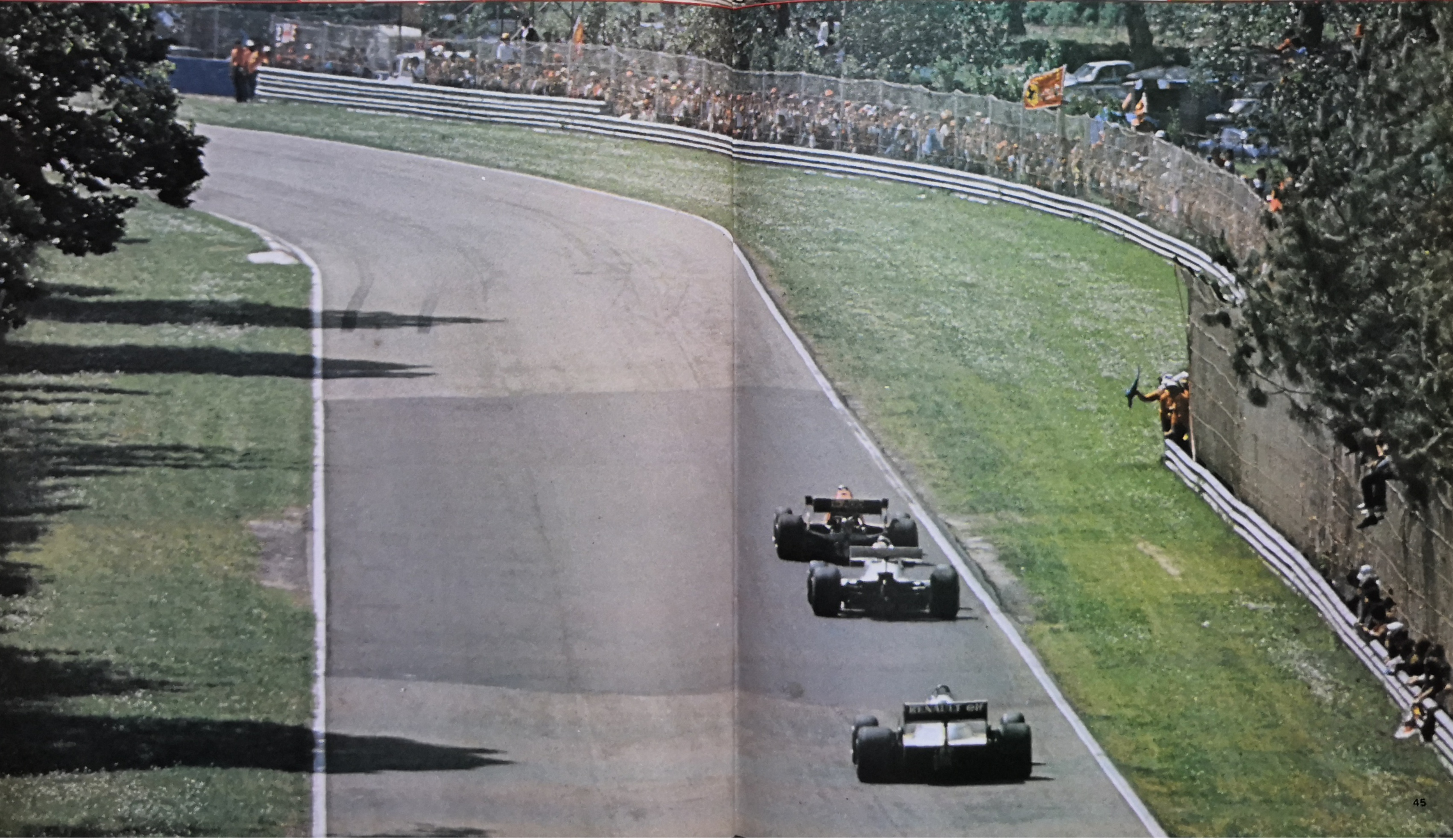
LONGINES
LONGINES
LONGINES
ATS ATS

LONGINES
LONGINES
LONGINES
Marlboro

SYLVAN SETTING

At Imola, the air's a heavy mixture of smelly engines and sweet grass. For the fans, perched up in the trees, the Dino Ferrari circuit promises an afternoon of pure bliss. Once the cars have gone by, transformed into veritable cannonballs, the eager crowds can still await the arrival of those in their wake. And when the Ferraris, ATS, Alfa Romeos or Williams climb up onto the kerb, their joy is complete. (Photos: B. Asset)

LONGINES
LONGINES
LONG


RENAULT elf

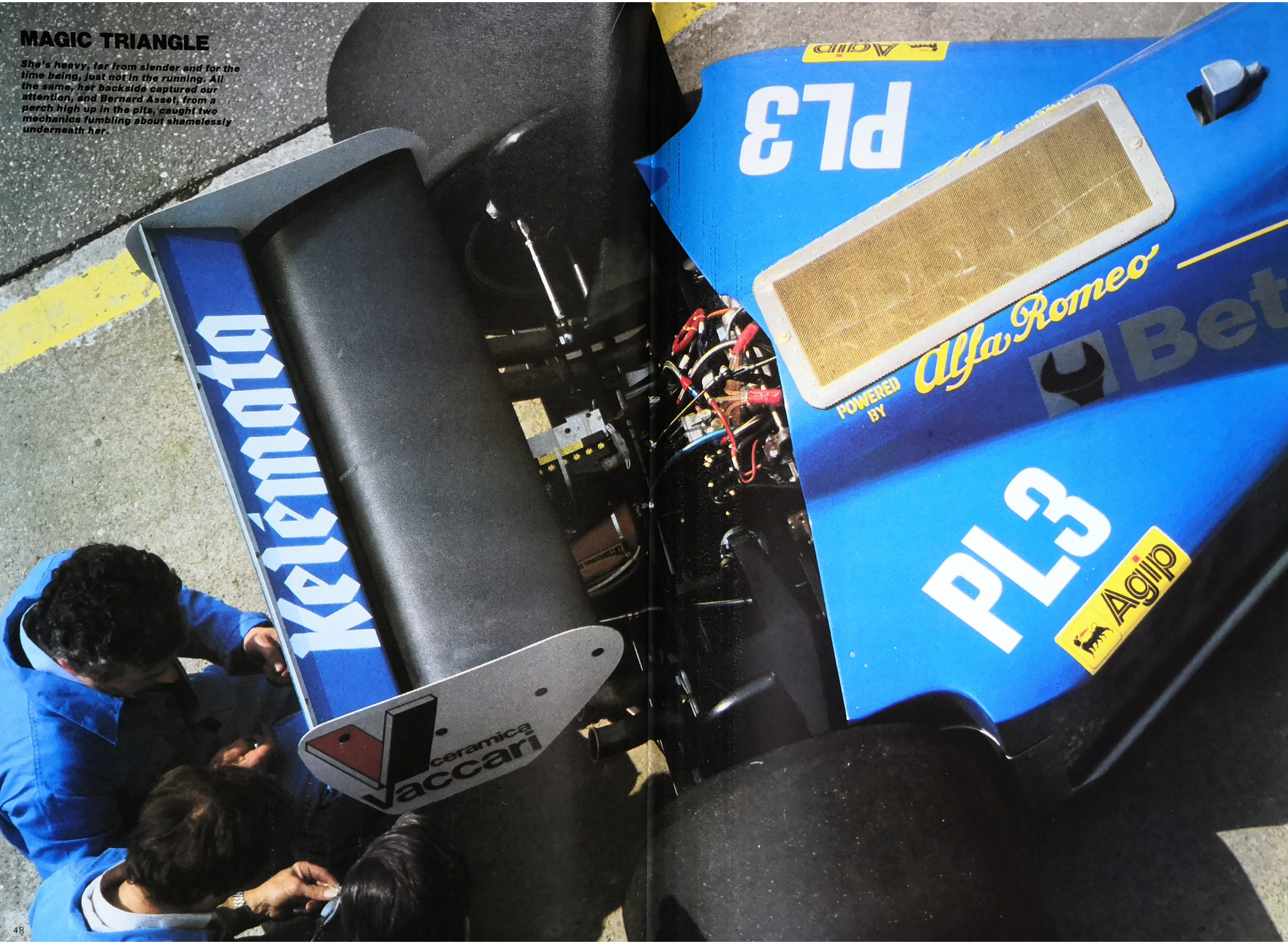
Turbo
15
RENAULT
PROST
LONGINES
RENAULT elf
RMO
elf
Marlboro

THE FRUITS OF PATIENCE

At Imola, Alain Prost drove a cool, steady race, he never lost patience, never pushed too hard. These sound tactics bore fruit: Prost now leads the championship, alongside Piquet.
(Photos: B. Asset)

MAGIC TRIANGLE

She's heavy, far from slender and for the time being, just not in the running. All the same, her backside captured our attention, and Bernard Asset, from a perch high up in the pits, caught two mechanics fumbling about shamelessly underneath her.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EXTRA, EXTRA

FORZARNOUX!

“This morning, the engine was cutting out on the straight: a minor problem, quickly solved.”

His hair in dishevelled spikes like so many firecrackers, René Arnoux has just taken off his balaclava; a few seconds earlier, his Ferrari has limped back to the pits, its engine silent. The mechanics were all lined up waiting, so was the whole team, for René has just put in a 1'33''419 pole position during first day's practice. Antonio Tomaini, the engineer and not normally a demonstrative man, even sticks his checklist under his arm to applaud the feat better!

Not that far away on the other side of the track the stands are juping up and down; the *tifosi*, both annoying and wonderful, are one huge mass of joy and the stands seem to bend and buckle. They rise like one man and in the midst of all those emblems of the prancing horse waved with such fervour there rises a song: a sort of fervent, improvised hymn, a Marseillaise of their own in honour of the great new red gods. The spontaneity of their response is all the more touching for the fact that there is still a shadow in their hearts, a sort of dark stain, which is called the memory of Gilles Villeneuve: time has set him up on an Olympus all his own and a year after the tragedy, every shop carries its quota of books, posters, photographs, stickers, records in which you can hear his voice, and more yet...

But the crowd is now set free. The fastest time set by Arnoux blots all that out. For all of Italy, a pole position, however provisional it may be, sometimes takes on a greater weight than winning a race. It is the idea that a man can, with a brief and violent effort, show his mastery and the car its superiority that appeals more than a result obtained by tenacity and by carefully thought-out plans which sometimes mean turning one's back on a fight.

Buried in the darkness of the Ferrari garage, little René is now turned over like a sacrificial lamb to the Italian press. The harder and more explosive the questions thrown at him by his tormentors, the quieter and gentler and more patient he becomes. You might think he ought to be happy, but his face, which is that of one of those pouting children to whom a sweet has just been refused, is heavy and dark. Suddenly he decides to talk and the worlds tumble from him:

“If I hadn't had two bleeders in front of me, I could get down below 1'33''!”

Now you see the thorn in his side that impedes perfect communication within his team. He's a perfectionist, he's never satisfied. He won't name the “bleeders” but he's clear about the rest:

“These qualifiers just sew sheer panic. With the tyres we have, you get just one quick lap and all the time you've got someone holding you up. You've got those who are just warming up, you've got those who are slowing down to go back into the pits. And that's without mentioning the varying talents of the drivers and the differing performances of their cars. What we need is a three-hour qualifying session, with each of us going out in turn...”

Well accustomed to the spectacular and unbelievable, René has forgotten to mention the most important thing: his pole position. Which he finally won with his second set of qualifiers: and they were already dodgy when he did it! It was so unlikely a happening that even Mauro Forghieri doubted it was possible. When René drove out of the pit-lane, the left rear tyre was gone on the inside. Mauro had hurriedly made a gesture to René to point this out: a rubbing together of his hands and a pointing to the rear. The last chance must have seemed well gone by. And he wanted to tell his driver to be a little cautious. But, tightly belted into his narrow and boiling cockpit, his eyes glaring balefully, René wasn't having any of it. A few twists to the boost of his turbo and he was sure he could do what all Italy expected of him...

Truth to tell, it was the power of its engine rather than its grip that seemed to push the Ferrari forward on Friday. After the chicane at Acque Minerali, the Ferrari's flying lap had left two great big black streaks on the tarmac. It was sliding all over the place and Arnoux wasn't helping it by attacking the corners with sheer savagery...

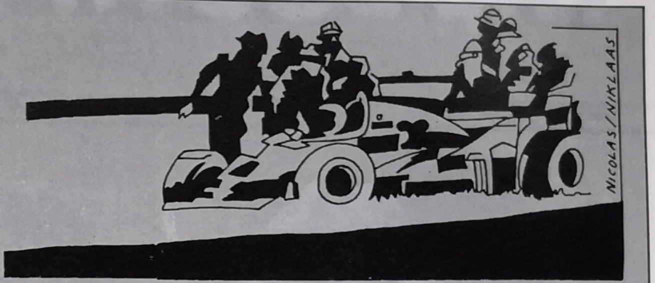
The next day, the problem could be solved by a few new settings: a tribute to the new rear suspension, long tested at Fiorano. It brought with it better roadholding, a more judicious exploitation of the tyres and much less wear-per-kilometer. These are trumps to play with, considering that Saturday it's all got to be done all over again. After untimed practice in the morning, the tyre men are unanimous in saying the track is some three to four-tenths of a second faster. Take that in conjunction with a clear lap and you can dream of beating 1'33''. Arnoux has no doubts. He simply has to show he's the best, and this time it's not 25,000 but 60,000 pairs of eyes that are watching as the Ferrari goes out on the circuit!

At dinner the night before, Cheever said: *“No way anyone's going to get under 1'32''5.”* Sound judgment really: on his first set of qualifiers, René could only fractionally improve on his Friday time. Not that that stopped the announcer from going up in smoke! But as time went by, Tambay, who had taken over the lead from René, then Prost, then Piquet — both of them wildly hissed by the crowd— cut into René's primacy. The Ferrari flags wave less bravely now.

There is only a quarter-hour left when René goes out on his second and final set of qualifiers. Out on the track, it looks like he's lost: compared to its wildness the night before, the Ferrari is now so clean and limpid in its progress. What's more, when you're watching the real qualifying lap, you can't be sure that it's not really going to be the next one.

A few seconds later, however, a huge clamour rises from all around the circuit; it could be heard miles away. The announcer, who sounds like he's on the verge of a heart attack, has just given forth the news: 1'31''238! The celebrations go on and on and in front of the Brabham and Renault pits, the fans make their nationalism clear: with a gesture that puts a hand in an elbow. Very elegant, but also a little premature, considering that Prost hasn't yet used *his* second set of qualifiers and put in *his* all. But, like those stories about the good fairies, everything worked out in the end: she waved her wand and there were all those cars for Prost to dodge through and around. The world was still a decent place to live in, the fans went home happy and the next day there would be even more gigantic traffic jams than usual...

Didier Braillon



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FIAT
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CHAMPION
brembo
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arexons

THE SOUTH AMERICAN CONTINGENT

From Fangio to Piquet, Latin America has produced its champions, its near-champions and its aspirants. This season, five drivers from that continent besides Nelson Piquet are seeking the ultimate crown.

by Keith Botsford

GITANES
elf
LIGIER
MICHELIN
CHAMPION
CAFÉ DO BRASIL
VITROFER
CAFE DE COLOMBIA
GOODYEAR
Arai
SANYO
JEB'S
J.A.I.M.A.
ARROGANCE PARFUMS
J.CECOTTO
Marlboro
Gallery
VALVOLINE
Chico Serra

The Theodore team is in much better form this year, thanks in no small measure to the efforts of Mo Nunn and Roberto Guerrero. Many people consider the little Colombian the most promising of the South American drivers. Mo Nunn has faith in him and that's saying a lot. Just think how many top drivers made their debut with the Ensign team. At the start of the season, few would have thought the Venezuelan Cecotto capable of it — but here he is just behind his Colombian teammate Guerrero. The former world motorcycle champion had a tough apprenticeship in F2, but he's remarkably quick to adapt to F1, which is more than can be said for some of his South American predecessors, such as Alex Ribeiro and Ingo Hoffman.

What do Raul Boesel, Johnny Cecotto, Roberto Guerrero, Eliseo Salazar and Chico Serra have in common?

The answer is, apart from their profession as F1 drivers and their origins in Latin America, very little. As Johnny Cecotto put it: *"Drivers make their relationships on a personal basis, on mutual respect for each others' talents. It doesn't go beyond that. Being all of us South Americans doesn't mean anything particular. Anyway,"* he added with a touch of irony, *"drivers don't have close personal relationships with each other."*

Of course, that is not the whole truth. It is the truth as Cecotto sees it, each driver seeing his own version of the world about him. In fact, the line of South American drivers — Fangio, Gonzales, the brothers Rodriguez, Emerson Fittipaldi, Carlos Pace, Reutemann and company — has a very definite temperamental similarity, much as English or Italian drivers differ in sensibilities from their colleagues from other nations. One cannot say that there is such a thing as a South American style of driving. There is, however, a South American style of being a driver. And there is a commonality in the way their careers are formed.

To start with, there is the fact that they come to the sport from a very great distance; they come for a purpose, they live through a number of years of solitude before making lives for themselves which deprive them of their origins and make of them what the modern Formula One driver is: basically, a stateless person, a cosmopolite, an inhabitant of luxury hotels and tax-havens, a dweller in aeroplanes, rootless, expatriated.

I remember clearly the day Raul Boesel was presented to an expectant world at a Rothmans' March press conference in London alongside that curlyhaired semi-beachcomber Jochem Mass. Raul was all spruced up and clean and shiny. He had come to conquer the world and make it in Formula One. It didn't turn out that way. It often doesn't. The first years are always the hardest and all five of this crop suffered — Cecotto perhaps the least, because he was world motorcycle champion before making a successful jump into F2 — from a set of very similar and obvious problems: problems of dislocation, loneliness and the tough row to be hoed.

As Salazar says: *"My ambition was always to race in F1, so there was no point in my continuing in South America."* He admits that if he hadn't made it within two or three years, *"I would have quit."* Eliseo did, in F3 and in Formula Aurora, but if he hadn't, his choices were limited. He had come for a specific purpose and failure would have meant the end of his driving ambitions. And the task was daunting: *"The first year I was lonely, yes but then as there are a lot of F3 races, soon it got to the point where I didn't have time to be lonely. It's not that easy, however, to make the move from South America to Europe. It's a matter of intelligence. You have to learn a new language, new customs, you have to adapt yourself. If you have the will-power, you can overcome all those problems, but it would be silly to deny they are problems."*

Roberto Guerrero faced much the same picture, and he, after all, had studied in America and then come to England to study automobile engineering at Worcester. As he says: *"The first six months were very hard: new country, being away from family and friends. But you get used to it and then suddenly it's not a problem any more. I know I couldn't have made it if I hadn't come to England and gone to school. All I had behind me when I arrived was racing karts in Colombia from 12 to 16. England provides a well-worn track along which a driver works his way up to F1. There is no such track in Colombia or anywhere else in South America."*

There are of course variations from driver to driver. For Chico Serra, who made the grade from Formula Ford right up through F3 and F2, the problems of adaptation are more personal than professional: *"I didn't have any difficulty driving,"* he says (compared for instance to Salazar, who remembers the rain: *"rain, rain, it was like racing in a different world in England..."*). *"Driving is driving, it's the same anywhere. But when you come to England, you've made a big commitment. You look around you and you know you're a long way from home. When I arrived at the airport, without a word of English, there was a moment when I thought I'd just turn right around and go back home. Luckily, I was just married and that helped a lot as did being in a good team, as did winning. When you win, everything is much easier."*

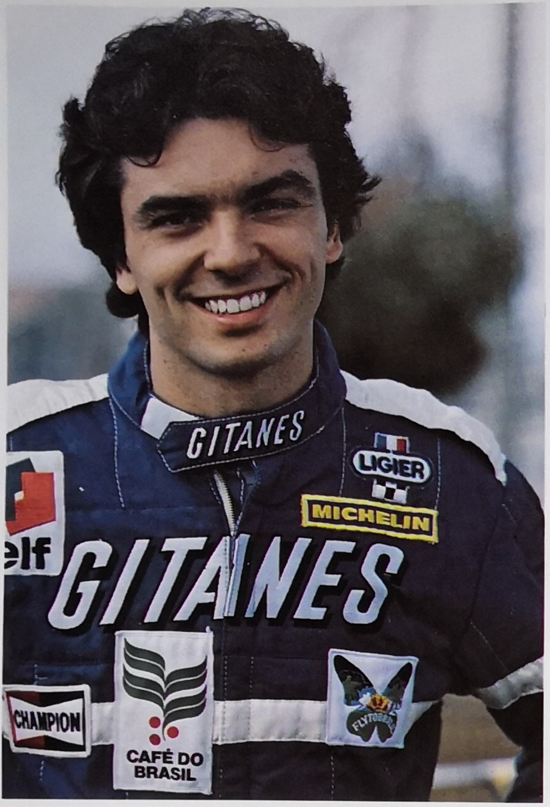
Cecotto's is a different case. He came out of Venezuela not to England but to Italy. Besides, by now he has the confidence of the champion, he is ultra-relaxed, ultra-cool. And Italian — as proved by the way the fans came up to him at Ricard, banging him on the shoulders and saying *"Eh, Johnny, you're a real man"* and then asking *"Ferrari?"* the confirmation that Cecotto is one of them. — *"No,"* says Johnny in his Caribbean Spanish drawl, *"no special problems coming from South America to Europe. No more difficult to start than for any other driver. I set up a base in Italy, I started competing in motorcycle championships, I spoke Italian, I made Italian friends. So I don't really have a home, if that's a problem. I'm always on the move. But Venezuela for me is now a place I might go for a month or so on holiday. Sure, I still feel Venezuelan, but I can't say my country's helped me much. I had a lot of promises, from the oil companies, but I lost a lot of time for nothing."*

Cecotto, however, points up another problem common to all South American drivers: they are far from their financial bases, far from the kind of natural sponsors they might expect. In many cases, in fact in all their cases at the moment, their home economies are in difficulties. Even oil-rich Venezuela has run into recent currency problems, the Brazilian economy is subject to rampant inflation. What happened to Emerson Fittipaldi is significant: a world champion organizing his own team, and never with enough money to become really competitive. A problem repeated with both Boesel and Serra.

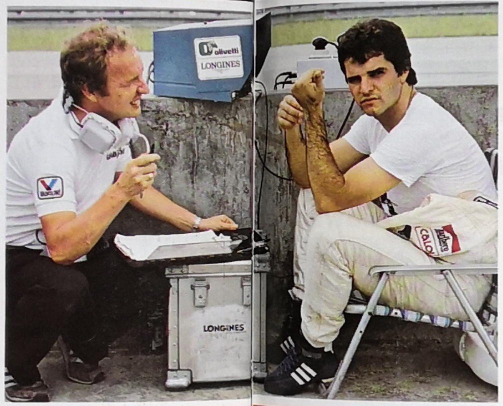
Serra, at least, has a permanent representative back home in Brazil: his mother. *"My mother's my manager,"* he says. *"All the money I've had since I started driving is money she found. We have two completely different lives: in one, she is my mother in the other, she is my manager. When we talk business, she is my manager, not my mother. She was in public relations, it wasn't that hard for her, she had the contacts."* Or as Guerrero puts it succinctly, *"Racing is a closed world and it's not easy to break into. But of all the diffi-*

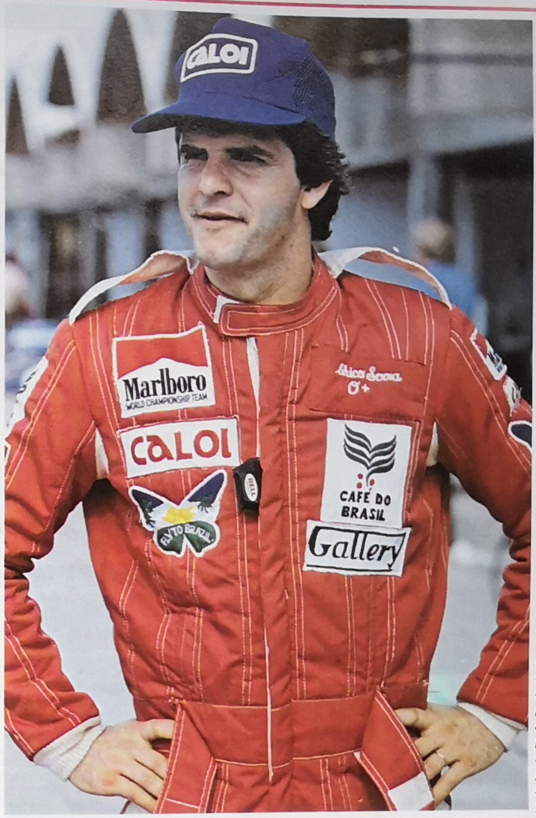
→

Raul Boesel had a difficult time of it this winter, until Guy Ligier took him into his team. The Ligier team is busy lamenting its glorious past, but even so, it still offers a better training ground for young drivers than the March team. Eliseo Salazar, who succeeded Boesel could vouch for that. Times are hard for Chico Serra, currently with the Arrows team. No less than three



COPEC
Valvoline





drivers appear to be lined up for his job: Oliver wants to replace him with Jones, Boutsen is roaming Belgium in an effort to raise money, on top of which, rumour has it that a young driver with a well-known name is also showing interest... So, Serra's position, is shaky at best... it's a pity, bearing in mind that only two years ago things seemed to be going his way.

culties the young driver faces, the financial difficulty, getting sponsorship, is the hardest to solve". Obviously: they race all year, home sponsors are not to hand.

Another difficulty is that the expectations of their supporters back home weigh on them. While Brazil has a tradition of racing and a tradition of providing world-class drivers, some of the other countries, Chile, Colombia and Venezuela have almost none. Brazil and Argentina cover the whole F1 season via television, radio and a specialised press: not so the rest of South America. Salazar, especially, suffered from adverse criticism of his results. The people back home just didn't understand. "*Back home, they expect you to win just because you've made it to Europe. You have to prove yourself. But they don't understand the difficulties. It's not like tennis, where everyone has a racquet that's more or less like everyone else's. In F1, if you don't have the right car, you can't win. Rosberg started out a non-qualifier now he's world champion. But it's hard to explain that in countries where the sport isn't followed as closely as it is in Europe, where you are the only one explaining to the public why you're not winning. It's a bit better now, but at the start, it weighed on me.*"

Guerrero confirms the problem: "*Being the first driver in F1 from Colombia made life more difficult for me. Obviously, they expect a lot from me back home. They expect me to have won the world championship two years ago. They are easily disappointed. But as they get better informed, the situation improves.*"

The focus on a driver from a South American country is always great. That is perhaps because in much of Latin America, sport is, to a much greater degree than in Europe, the only escape from everyday reality. "*Especially in a time like the present,*" explains Serra. "*In bad times, sport is an escape from reality. And, in this respect, F1 is a special case. In Brazil, you can see a football match any day of the week, but Formula one comes only once a year. So, when it happens, it is especially important. I can remember, when I was a boy, how much I used to look forward to the Brazilian Grand Prix. Europeans can go a few hundred kilometers and see half a dozen races a season: Brazil is a long way from anywhere.*

"*It does put a special emphasis on you as a driver. When a South American comes to Europe to drive, he's got to be really keen on it. He's a long way from home. He can't just do it for fun. He has to have more determination. And the isolation probably helps his concentration. He knows he is alone. And then, the ones that come here are the best, the cream of the crop. You think how awful it would be to miss the opportunity.*"

Serra and Boesel, of course, benefit from a tradition of racing in their home countries, just as a new Argentine driver would be picking up the mantle dropped by Reutemann and all his predecessors. The same is not true for a Salazar, a Guerrero or a Cecotto. And Brazilians have the example of Fittipaldi. As Nelson Piquet said when he started, and as Serra now restates, "*Emerson showed the way, it all started with him. It's not that he was a particular hero to me. "Hero" is the wrong word. He was an example. Before he went to Europe and became champion, a Brazilian wouldn't have dreamed of coming to Europe. Before Emerson, a Brazilian driver was an amateur. He raced for fun, it was a weekend sport. Some became professionals, but their careers began and ended in Brazil. Emerson showed it was possible and, after him, people said, "Okay, let's try...*"

But it would be a mistake to think South American drivers have some form of mystic bond which unites them: because they are South Americans. "*It's no special thing*", says Cecotto. "*I happen to have a South American team-mate* (Guerrero) *and I see the rest of them from time to time, but there's no narrower relationship. I don't think nationality has any importance whatsoever for drivers*". Or as Serra says: "*We are all different countries. Brazil has nothing to do with Colombia, or Venezuela with Chile. There is no general sense of the Continent. It probably used to be different in the old days. I've heard stories of Emerson and other Brazilians carousing together and being buddies off as well as on the track, but these are different times. Now the competition is too great, and the sport is far too professional.*"

Which underlines the fact that, for Brazilians at least, the presence of Nelson Piquet has been, if anything, a hindrance. Serra had his problems with Nelson at the beginning: "*We were both in F3 together in England and that's when we met, but he was already in his second year when I started. We weren't friends we just tolerated each other. You have to understand, we were two Brazilians, we both have to win races, we both have to find sponsors in the same country. It was very difficult. We were competing for the same space, the same air. The competition was pretty fierce. Now we are on speaking terms.*"

As a group then, they struggle with the same complexities, they share experiences as they share Spanish or Portuguese as a language, they compete for the same air, as Serra puts it. Just as would be true of French drivers, or English, or Italians. Nor is there any special style that can be attributed to them. What there is, however, is a sort of finality. For them to have reached F1 at all is a greater feat than it would be for a European. Natural selection has been at work, the fittest have survived.

The results to date have been mixed. It is not as though (at least since Fittipaldi's disappearance from the scene) there were a series of South American teams competing for their services. Ferrari and Alfa and Osella scan the hundreds of Italian drivers to find the one who will drive for them, Renault and Ligier do the same in France and we all know how dearly British teams would like to promote British drivers, if these were thicker on the ground. But Boesel drives for a French team, Cecotto and Guerrero for a madcap marriage of old England (Morris Nunn) and Hong Kong (Teddy Yip), Salazar drives for Italians. In short, the isolation is reinforced. The sport may be highly international, but it also has its national, not to say nationalistic aspects. In this, as in many other regards, the South Americans will — at least for the foreseeable future — always be the odd men out. Only if they are the very best will they be taken on by "foreign" teams.

Well, the mercenaries from South America haven't done so badly The tradition is rich, and each of the five no doubt thinks he is the heir to Fangio, to Emerson, to Nelson... ☐

ALFA ROMEO-EURORACING

183T/02: Andrea de Cesaris (I)
183T/04: Mauro Baldi (I)
183T/01: Spare

After the firing of Gérard Ducarouge, ostensibly for the notorious empty extinguisher at Paul Ricard, technical leadership of the team passed to Ing. Marmiroli, formerly of Ferrari and Giacomo Caliri's Fly Studio. The spare car differs from the other two by its bell-shaped exhaust pipes. The 183T/02 and the 183T/04 both have rapid refuelling systems. At Paul Ricard, only the first car was thus equipped, which seems a bit strange, for it was Ducarouge's intention to refuel which contributed, apparently, to his downfall. What is more, Euroracing had several practice refuelling sessions at Balocco the week before the race.

ARROWS-COSWORTH

A6/2: Marc Surer (CH)
A6/3: Chico Serra (BR)
A6/1: Spare

The car that Serra had damaged in his somersault on the Saturday of the French GP had been repaired. The three A6 had shorter underwings, whose extremities had been reduced by some 40 cm to help cool the gear-box.

ATS-BMW

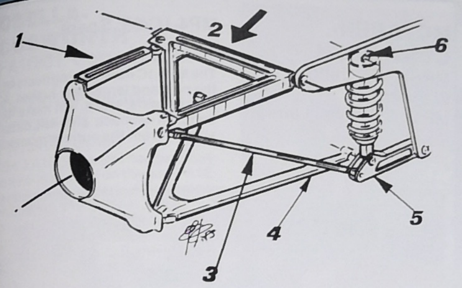
D6/02: Manfred Winkelhock (D)
D6/01: Spare

The German team finally has two cars and Winkelhock raced the brand-new D6/02; as we announced, the new car weighs 25 kilos less than the old, thanks in part to a lighter chassis. It is equipped with a rapid fuelling system located, as with the Williams cars, on top of the fuel tanks.

BRABHAM-BMW

BT52/3: Nelson Piquet (BR)
BT52/4: Riccardo Patrese (I)
BT52/1: Spare

Patrese had a new chassis, the 4; his customary BT52/2 was left behind in England. The BT52/4 is more rigid and lighter than the others. All three BMW engines are fed by a new turbo-compressor and the rear of the body-work covering the engine has a small vent designed to cool the left rear shock absorber which receives much of the turbo blast.



FERRARI

126C2/065: Patrick Tambay (F)
126C2/064: René Arnoux (F)
126C2/062: Spare

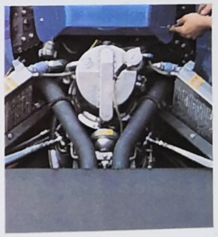
All three cars are equipped with the rear suspension that had been fitted for the Race of Champions, but modifications had been made: the suspensions are differently attached to the engine and the narrower gear-box has new anchors; this, however, affects only their geometry. The new carbon-fibre monocoques should make their appearance shortly and we already know that their front end will resemble that of the Lockheed F104 Starfighter, whose side air-ducts have been adopted by Ferrari. They will also have carbon-fibre disc brakes with specially prepared Brembo calipers. It needs to be noted that with carbon-fibre brakes, it is not the discs themselves that are affected by the heat but the calipers. At Imola the customary brakes were at barely 230 degrees as against the 440 of last year.

NEW REAR SUSPENSION

(1): Linking arm
(2): Upper wishbone
(3): Pullrod connecting-rod
(4): Lower wishbone
(5): Fastening at bottom of shock-absorber, visible in (6)

LIGIER-COSWORTH

JS21/04: Jean-Pierre Jarier (F)
JS21/03: Raul Boesel (F)
JS21/02: Spare



The spare is now mounted with a classic suspension system which allows for comparisons to be made with the normal oil-based hydraulic suspension.

FILA
parmalat

RENAULT

RE40/03: Alain Prost (F)
RE40/02: Eddie Cheever (USA)
RE40/01: Spare

The RE40/3 is a new chassis, while the prototype, the RE40/00, stayed behind at the works. The chassis differs from the old one in that its mix is different and contains a greater proportion of carbon, which makes it considerably darker than the RE40/02 and 01. Cheever again had the carbon-fibre disc brakes which he first used at Paul Ricard, thus shedding 7 kilos.
It should be noted that these brakes are not 'solid' but radially drilled to improve cooling, which is an innovation.

TOLEMAN-HART
TG183B/02: Derek Warwick (GB)
TG183B/03: Bruno Giacomelli (I)
TG183B/01: Spare

Both cars have the modified rear suspensions introduced on the spare 01 at Paul Ricard; they allow for a greater ride-height. The front supports have been reduced thanks to under wings producing less downforce while the extended fairings between the triangles have been kept.

THEODORE-COSWORTH
183/17: Roberto Guerrero (COL)
183/18: Johnny Cecotto (YV)
183/16: Spare

The spare lacks the lighter rear suspension and Guerrero's car has a new weight-loading due to the extinguisher being placed to the front of the chassis.

TYRRELL-COSWORTH
011/4: Michele Alboreto (I)
011/5: Danny Sullivan (USA)
011/6: Spare

The three chassis have different weight-loadings and a varying rigidity thanks to some minor improvements. On Saturday morning, Alboreto went out in a much more front-weighted configuration. The 011 have the old rear suspension without small connecting-rods.

WILLIAMS-COSWORTH
FW08C/07: Keke Rosberg (SF)
FW08C/08: Jacques Laffite (F)
FW08C/09: Spare

The FW08C were still with single-caliper brakes, for the banning of gound effect has made Imola relatively light on braking. Only different settings and slight wing-modifications distinguished the FW08C from their Paul Ricard configurations.

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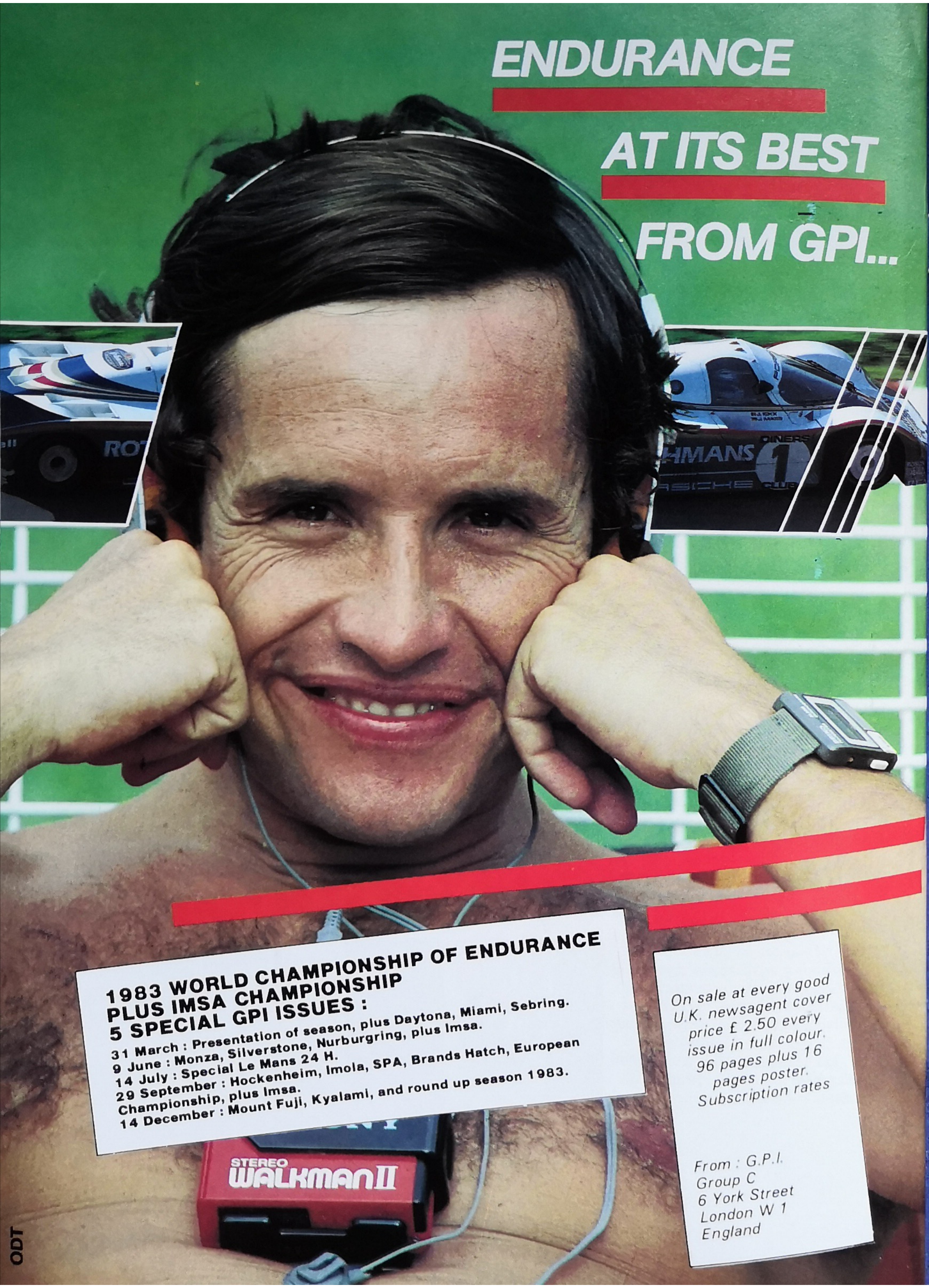

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